THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1880.

THE REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.*

Dr. Potts is one of the most widely known and most highly esteemed ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada. He was born in the County Fermanagh, Ireland, in the year 1838. With characteristic energy, he early resolved to seek his fortune in the New World, the Southern States of America being his destination. On his way to the South, he passed through Canada, sojourning for a time among relations at the city of Kingston. His impressions of Canada were so favourable that, after a short visit to the South, he determined to make it the land of his adoption. He had been brought up in the communion of the Church of England, but under the preaching of the Rev. George Douglas, at Kingston, he experienced the great awakening which subsequently, under the faithful ministry of the Rev. Charles Lavell, M.A., led to his conversion, and to his uniting with the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He was at this time engaged in mercantile life, which he followed both in Kingston and in the city of Hamilton.

The marked ability of the young man, his gifts in exhortation and prayer, and his zeal in Christian work, led to his being urged, at the early age of nineteen, to enter upon the work of the ministry. The fervid zeal of the "boy-preacher," and the gracious results which followed his labours, were an authentication of his call to the hallowed office. Having spent a season of earnest study at Victoria University, and having travelled five

*For the facts of this sketch we are indebted to "The Canadian Biographical Dictionary," and Cornish's valuable "Handbook of Methodism."

years on the Markham, Newmarket, and Thorold Circuits, he was ordained in 1861, and sent as the assistant of the Rev. Richard Jones to the North Street Church, London. At the end of three years he was appointed to the Yorkville Church, and was associated in ministerial labour with the Rev. E. H. Dewart, then at Elm Street.

In 1866 he was appointed first pastor of the new Centenary Church at Hamilton, no small compliment to a young man only twenty-eight years of age. Here, as pastor of a congregation of which he had only a few years before been a youthful member, he gave full proof of his ministry, and the society was greatly increased and edified, in both senses of that word. At the end of three years he was removed to what was probably the foremost pulpit of Canadian Methodism, that of Great Saint James Street Church, Montreal, where he succeeded one of the foremost preachers in the Connexion, the Rev. Dr. Douglas. In this influential position his labours were attended by gracious spiritual results.

In 1872 he succeeded the Rev. George Cochran as pastor of the recently-erected Metropolitan Church at Toronto, where equal success attended his labours. Three years later he was appointed to the Elm Street Church, which, during the period of his pastorate, was almost entirely reconstructed and enlarged to nearly double its previous capacity. He is now in the second year of his second term at the Metropolitan Church.

The labours of Dr. Potts are by no means confined to the pulpit of his own Church. Every scheme of Christian philanthropy finds in him an ardent advocate and worker. In the temperance reform he has taken, from his fifteenth year, an earnest interest, and in connection with it some of his most efficient work has been done. In conjunction with the Rev. Dr. MacVickar, of Montreal, he is one of the Canadian representatives on the International Committee which selects the Sunday-school Lessons for probably two-thirds of the schools of Christendom; and at the recent great assembly at Chautauqua he was one of the most effective and popular speakers. He was also a delegate to the International Sunday-school Convention at Atlanta, Georgia. He is a member of the Board and Senate of Victoria University, and of the Board of the Theological College at Montreal. In recognition of his distinguished abilities and

services to the Church, he received, in 1878, from the Wesleyan University, Ohio, the well-merited degree of D.D.

The special sphere of Dr. Potts is the pulpit. There he is "Czar of many lands." His imposing presence, his strong, clear, sonorous voice, his impressive manner, the eminently practical tone of his sermons, affecting no tricks of rhetoric, but grappling with the reason and conscience of his hearers, and, above all, their spiritual unction and power—these make his pulpit ministrations remarkably effective and acceptable. A man of sound judgment, of wide travel—he has several times crossed the sea, and journeyed in foreign lands—of keen observation and insight, and of liberal views, his influence is not confined to his own Church, but is felt far beyond it; and few men are more in request on occasions of public interest, and in the anniversaries of sister churches, than is he.

"Combining in his own person," writes a discriminating biographer, "the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, Dr. Potts is known far and wide beyond the limits of his own denomination. He is beloved and revered by those of his own congregation; honoured, respected, and esteemed by those outside of its pale. A Methodist of the Methodists, he is a man of most liberal views; believing that true religion is hedged in by no sectarian prejudices, he willingly assists to the utmost of his power all fellow-workers, irrespective of creed, in the service of the Great Master, and cordially holds out the right hand of Christian fellowship and brotherly love to all who, like himself, go about doing good, and are endeavouring to ameliorate the spiritual and temporal condition and welfare of their fellowmen. Ever ready to assist by his counsel those who are trying to lead a Christian life, he fearlessly denounces, in no measured language of condemnation and warning, those who are walking in the ways of wickedness and vice."

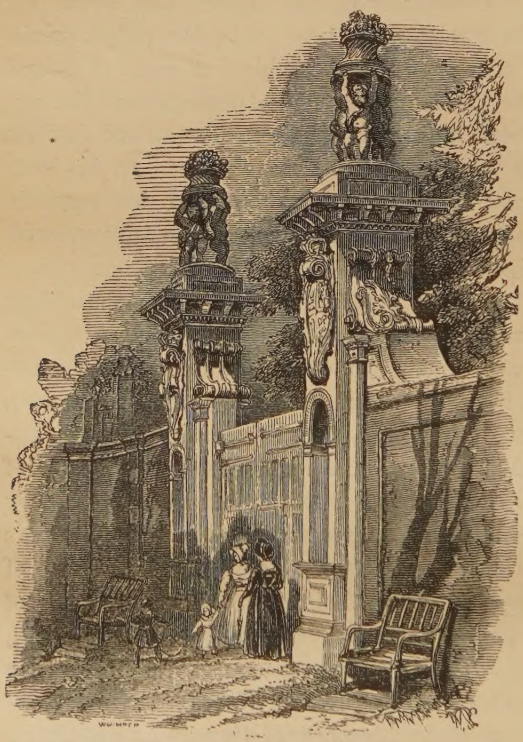
THE BIBLE.

WHENCE but from heaven could men, unskilled in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how or why
Should all conspire to treat us to a lie?
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

HAMPTON COURT—STRATFORD—KENILWORTH.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.



GARDEN GATEWAY, HAMPTON COURT.

AFTER Windsor Castle, no palace in England possesses more historic interest, or seems a more fitting abode for its sceptred line of sovereigns than Hampton Court. It is reached in three-quarters of an hour from the heart of London, and the sudden transition from the din and turmoil of the great city to the cloistered seclusion of these quiet courts and galleries, and the sylvan solitude of these bosky glades, is a most delightful experience.

I left the railway train at the little town of Teddington, that I might enjoy the approach to the palace through the majestic avenues of Bushy Park, a royal demesne of 11,000 acres. It was a glorious day. An early shower had washed the air and brightened the verdure of the grand old park. Its chief glory is a magnificent avenue of limes and horse-chestnuts, six rows of them, extending in straight lines for over a mile. Such splendid masses of foliage I never saw elsewhere, except, perhaps, the splendid elms and chestnuts of the Hague. They were planted by William III., and for well-nigh two hundred

springs and summers have flushed with the pink beauty of their blossoms, and gleamed with the russet hue of their prickly fruit. Our engraving gives some idea of the fine vista of the main avenue, seen reflected in the broad and placid pool in the foreground.

Near the court end of the avenue is a curious basin with carp and gold fish, in the centre of which rises a singular structure, half monument, half fountain, weathered with age and overgrown with moss and lichen. The residence of the "ranger," a sombre red brick house screened off by railings, blends harmoniously with the quiet beauty of the scene.

The lowing of kine, the faint tinkling of sheep bells, and the swift whirr of the pheasant or rustle of the hares through the ferns, are all the sounds that meet the ear. Through the distant

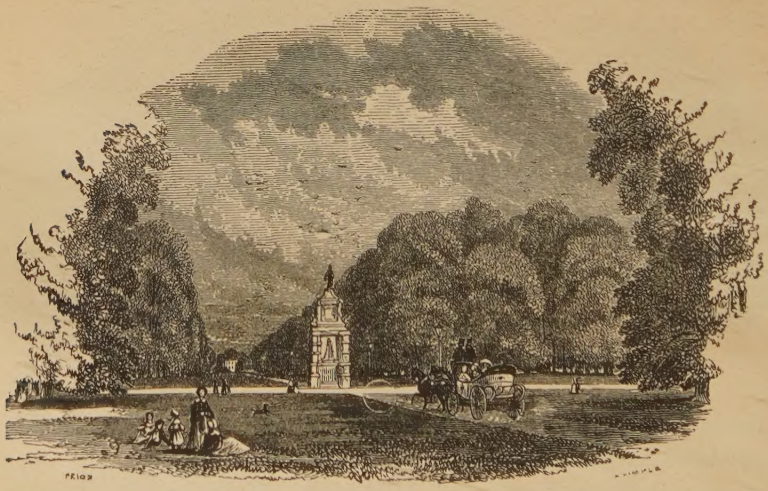
Bushy Park, Centre Avenue.

forest glades sweep the antlered deer, or pause in their browsing to stand at gaze as undismayed as their ancestors in the days of merrie Robin Hood and Littlejohn. Here the grim Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, when he could lay aside for a time the cares of state, used to doff his steel hauberk and buff jerkin, and don a coat of Kendal green for a swift gallop through the park after the flying deer or hares.

Reaching Hampton Court, we enter first the sequestered park, known as the Wilderness, and every one on his first visit tries his skill in penetrating the famous labyrinth—"a mighty maze, but not without a plan"—that has bewildered generations of young and old children since the time of its creator, William of Orange. It is a narrow pathway winding backwards and for-

wards, and round about between quickset hedges, leading to an arbour in the centre. If you once make a wrong turn you are lost, and may wander for hours without reaching the goal. I had no difficulty, by following the simple clue suggested by my guide-book, in finding my way in and out. A sturdy urchin was perched on a high seat overlooking the maze, to give directions, for a consideration, to those who had lost their way.

The palace not yet being open, I strolled through the spacious grounds in company with a gentleman from Norway. The gardens are laid out in the symmetrical Dutch manner brought over by William III. from the Hague—broad walks, pleasant alleys, trim rectangular parterres, decked with flowers and foliage, plants and statuary, and studded with noble masses of chestnuts, holly, and yew, the latter sometimes cut into fantastic forms.

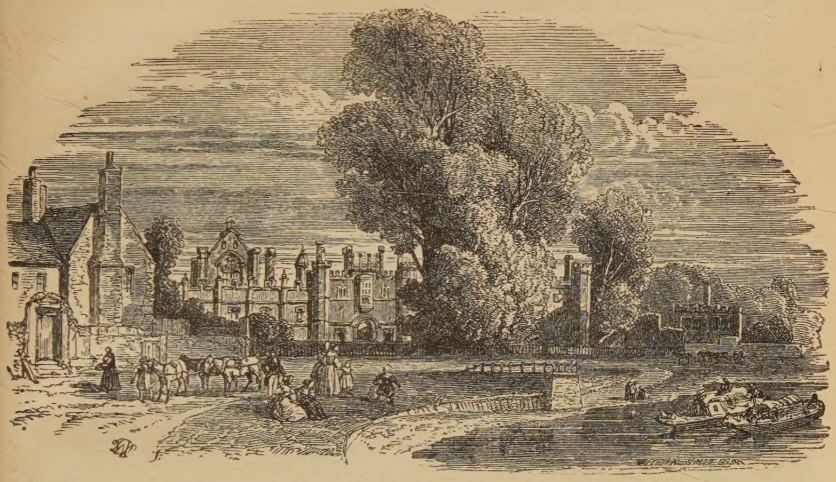


Bushy Park.

The views up and down the winding Thames, with its villas, its gray ivy-mantled churches, its quaint old inns, and its gay pleasure-barks, are worthy of a Ruysdael's pencil.

The palace itself was originally built by the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey, the haughty minister of Henry VIII. The proud prelate was then in the zenith of his glory, and built and banquetted more like a sovereign prince than like a vassal of the Crown. The palace was successively occupied by Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II.,

James II., William III., Anne, and George I. and George II. Since the reign of the last of these sovereigns it has ceased to be a royal residence, and is now occupied by certain noble but reduced pensioners of the crown.



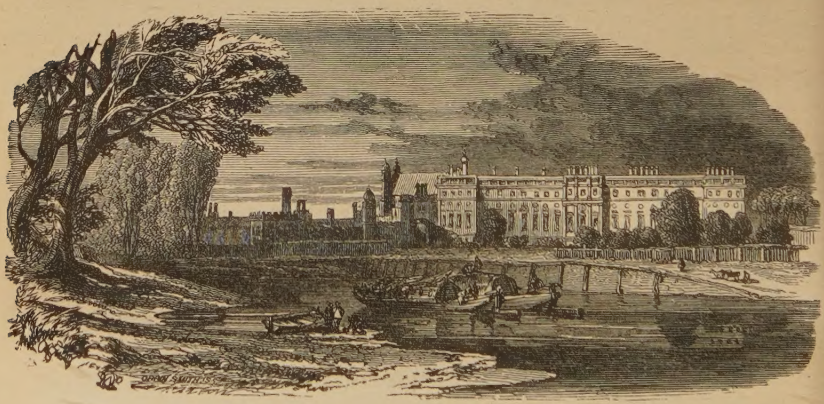
Hampton Court—West Front.

The building is of red brick, the older part in the Tudor Gothic style, with battlemented parapets. The newer portions are in the Renaissance style. Over the entrance to the central court are seen the arms of Wolsey, with his motto, "*Dominus mihi adjutor*"—"God is my helper." On the walls are terra cotta medallions of the Roman Emperors, presented to Wolsey by Pope Leo X.

Passing beneath the Tudor arch of Wolsey's Tower, with its fan-traceried ceiling, we ascend a broad stone stairway to a splendid baronial hall, whose open timber roof, stained windows, rich with gules and gold, gaily blazoned banners and gleaming armour, recall the stately mediæval pageantry of which it was the scene. Here are the ciphers and arms of the royal Bluebeard and his wife, Jane Seymour, and near them those of the fallen Cardinal. Here, in 1558, Philip and Mary held their Christmas banquet—with Elizabeth as their guest, or prisoner—the great hall blazing with a thousand lights. Here, it is said, Shakespeare's self played before good Queen Bess a part in the splendid drama which commemorates the glory of Henry and the fall of the proud founder of these halls. But of all this

gorgeous pageantry only a shadowy memory remains. The colonnade of coupled Ionic pillars running across the middle quadrangle, as shown in the engraving on page 298, is a later addition by Sir Christopher Wren, and is quite out of keeping with its Gothic surroundings.

The great attraction of the palace now is its splendid gallery of over a thousand paintings, many of them by distinguished masters. Conspicuous among these are the famous historical portraits by Vandyck; and the court beauties, by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely. The portraits of these fair frail creatures, once the pride of courts and cynosure of every eye—all dead and turned to dust two hundred years ago—are suggestive of stern moralizings to an austere mind. We cast no stone. *Requiescant in pace.* We pass through guard chambers, presence



HAMPTON COURT—LOOKING UP THE THAMES.

chambers, royal closets and bedrooms, chapels and banquet halls —all lined with paintings of much historic or artistic interest. Here were preserved, till recently, the famous cartoons of Raphael, now in the Kensington Museum, which are so familiar from engravings. Originally prepared by the great painter, at the request of Leo X., as designs for tapestry, "they were slit into strips for the guidance of piecework for a Flemish loom; tossed, after the weavers had done with them, into a lumber room; then, after a century's neglect, disinterred by the taste of Rubens and Charles I., brought to England, the poor frayed and faded fragments glued together, and made the chief decoration of a royal palace." They are among the very finest work of Raphael.

Before leaving the palace we pass through the stately gateway shown in our initial cut, into the private garden, and see the famous vine, under glass, of course, planted in 1769. Its stem is thirty inches in girth, its branches extend a hundred feet, and yield from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds of grapes. These are sent, by the Queen's command, as presents to her private friends.

ENTRANCE TO WOLSEY'S HALL, HAMPTON COURT.

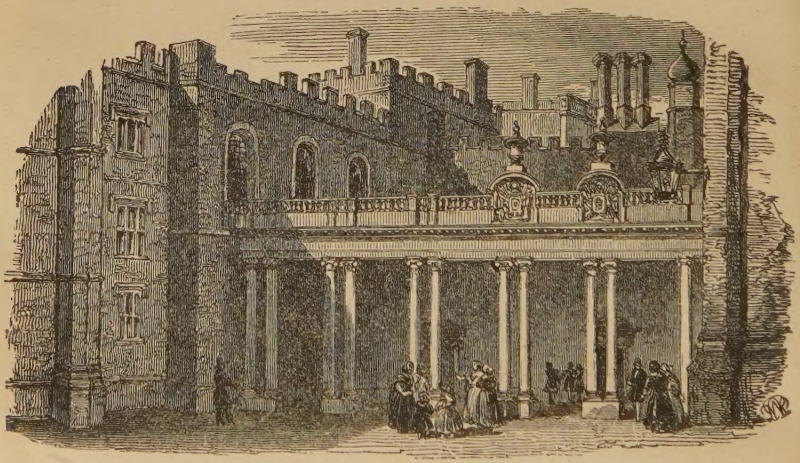
Returning to London, we pass through the pretty town of Hampton, possessing little of note except the memory and house of Garrick. Hither the great actor, sated and weary with the mimic life upon the stage, retired to spend his closing days in quiet, or in the society of a few favoured friends. The house and picturesque grounds are well shown in the engraving on page 300.

One of the chief charms of rural England is the ancient church in almost every parish—often hoary with extreme age, and mantled with a venerable growth of ivy green. In the quiet God's acre in which they stand heave the mouldering mounds beneath which

> Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
> The peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep.

The old Walton Church, by the Thames side, shown in the cut on page 301, is a typical example of these monuments of the piety of our ancestors.

My visit to Oxford was made under unpropitious circumstances. It had been raining for days, I might almost say weeks, and the whole country was flooded. The uncured hay was drifting about the fields, and the prospects for harvesting the grain were very gloomy. If you wait for fine weather in England, you may wait for a long time; so I stayed not for storm or shine. Amid a pouring rain I visited the Colleges, the Bodleian Library, the Museum, new Keble Hall and Chapel, and the



Middle Quadrangle, Hampton Court.

stately St. Mary's and Christ Church, as recorded in a previous paper. After a hard day's work, I went to an old-fashioned inn to refresh the well-nigh famished inner man. Instead of being sent into a great bleak dining-hall, in which one's individuality is completely lost, I was led up stairs to a small and cosy parlour. Here a tasteful repast—tasteful in two senses—was served by a neat-handed Phyllis, and I enjoyed the homely English comfort of "taking mine ease in mine inn."

The same night I took train for Stratford-on-Avon, on pilgrimage to the spot—

> "Where his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,
> Where his last accents faltered on his tongue,"

and was whirled through the darkness at a speed surpassing that of even Herne the Hunter. I found lodgings at the Red Horse Inn, and slept in a great bed of state, with a huge four-post canopy that might have come down from Shakespeare's time. Next morning—still in the rain—I found the sexton of the venerable parish church, which is approached through a beautiful avenue of limes, and is surrounded by cypress and yew trees, and soon stood above the plain stone slab in the chancel, which covers all that was mortal of the greatest poet of all time. Beneath his arms and effigy is the legend:

IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MŒRET, OLYMPVS HABET.

On the slab is the famous malediction on him who would "move these bones." Near by are the tombs of his wife and daughter.

As I strolled along the banks of the gentle Avon, I thought: "Here the boy Shakespeare chased the butterfly, and plucked the buttercups, and hunted thrushes' nests, and sported in the crystal stream; and across these meadows the love-sick swain sped to the cottage of sweet Anne Hathaway; beneath those trees they held their tryst, and on the beachen bark he carved her name." I next visited the old Grammar School, of Edward the Sixth's time, where the immortal bard learned the mysteries of that English tongue which he has rendered classic for ever. I then proceeded to the house in which the future poet first saw the light. It is a quaint two-storied timbered house, which has successively been used as a butcher's shop and as an inn. The front door is cut in two, so that the lower part might be kept closed—to shut out the dogs, I was told. The stone floor has also been badly broken by the chopping on the butcher's blocks. Passing up a winding wooden stair, we enter the room in which the wondrous babe's first cry was heard. Across this rough floor he crawled on his first voyage of discovery, and through this lead lattice he caught his first glimpse of the great world-drama, whose thousand varied scenes he has so marvellously painted for all time.

Here is his desk from the Grammar School, notched all over with his school-boy jack-knife. Here is his signet ring, and the chair in which he sat. What a potent spell of poetry to bring to this dull Warwickshire town, from all parts of Christendom,

ten thousand pilgrims every year, to pay their homage at the shrine of genius! Among the noted names etched on the lattice pane, I saw those of Walter Scott and Washington Irving.

The comely hostess of the Red Horse, notwithstanding her almost rustic-seeming simplicity, well knew how to charge for the bed of state and the toothsome viands so daintily served in the cosy breakfast-room. It was the dearest place—I mean in cost—at which I stopped in England.

I took the train—still in a pouring rain—to Warwick, said to be the oldest town in England—built by the British king Cymbeline, destroyed by the Picts, and rebuilt by Caractacus—the Caerleon of ancient times. The first Earl of Warwick was a knight of King Arthur's Round Table. The famous hero, Guy

Garrick's Villa.

of Warwick, was a giant nine feet high, who performed prodigies of valour before he became a hermit and retired to the caves of Guy's Cliff, where he died. His tremendous sword and armour are shown, in confirmation of the story, at the castle. Warwick, the King-maker, maintained 30,000 vassals on his estates, and was the last of the turbulent barons who set up and down sovereigns as they pleased. The famous old castle is declared by Sir Walter Scott to be the finest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which remains uninjured by time. Its massive walls rise like a cliff in air, and dominate the whole town—a monument of the stern feudal tyranny of "ye olden time." As the family were at home, I had to be content with an outside view.

The parish church is said to be the finest in England. The

sepulchral monuments of the Earl of Beauchamp, and the Earl of Leicester, the unhappy favourite of Queen Elizabeth, read their impressive lesson of the vanity of earthly glory.

Walton Church.

I engaged a carriage to take me around the quaint old town, and across the country to Kenilworth, one of the most charming drives in England. As the rain had ceased, I gave up the dignity of the coupé to ride on the box with the driver, that I might better enjoy the scenery and his conversation. He was the son, I found, of a Wesleyan local preacher; but he himself had sought fame and fortune as a jockey, only to meet with broken bones and an empty purse. The quaint villages, with their timbered houses, and the well-kept parks and fine granges, were a perpetual picture of rural beauty.

Kenilworth Castle is the finest ruin in England. Tradition refers its origin to the time of King Arthur; but the present structure dates from the time of Henry I., with extensive additions by Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Leicester. Here were celebrated the splendid pageants which accompanied the visit of the Virgin Queen to her high-born subject. But their chief interest is given to those crumbling ruins by the tear-compelling story of the fair Amy Robsart. I climbed the massive Cæsar's Tower, matted with the densest growth of ivy I ever saw, and lingered in the roofless banquet hall, that often rang with

the sounds of wassail and revelry, and roamed through the pleasance and field of tourney where, in the pride and pomp of chivalry, gallant knights in ringing armour, sought to win the prize of valour at the hands of beauty. But most I loved to muse amid the broken arches of Mervyn's Bower, which the Wizard of the North represents as the scene of the wretchedness of his hapless heroine. Strange that his enchanter's wand can cast such an undying spell over these mouldering ruins—all that the cannon of Cromwell have left of the once stately castle. At the bookstore of the little town I bought a copy of Scott's "Kenilworth" as a souvenir of the place, and learned from the comely saleswoman, who seemed to enter thoroughly into the romance of the story—as what woman's heart will not?—some local traditions of the castle.

A rapid ride over the London and North-Western Railway,* through Coventry, with its strange legend of the fair Lady Godiva and the "low churl, compact of thankless earth," Peeping Tom; past Rugby, dear to the heart of many a schoolboy; past Olney, with its memories of Cowper, and Berkhampstead, where he was born; past Harrow, with its famous school, where Byron, Peel, and Palmerston were scholars; and past Willesden Junction, through which pass four hundred trains a day, brings me to the splendid Euston Square Station, in time to take the Underground Railway *en route* for Sydenham Palace, to see a grand display of fireworks and the illuminated fountains. So much may one crowd into a day in this land of rapid transit.

WOMAN.

NOT she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.

—*E. B. Browning.*

* This railway conveys 100,000 passengers and 73,000 tons of freight per day. It runs 29,000,000 "train miles" per year, has 10,000 miles of rails, 560 stations, 40,000 employees, and the annual consumption of coal is 600,000 tons.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY X.—EPISCOPAL DIVISION.

By the late Rev. John Ryerson, written March, 1865, at Brantford; with Notes and an Appendix by E. Ryerson.

I NOW proceed to give some account of the origin and separation from the Wesleyan Methodist Church of the party which constituted themselves into a separate organization, taking the name of "The Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada." The resolutions adopted at Hallowell in 1832, proposing a union with the English Conference, were generally, yes, it may be said with the utmost truth, *universally*, approved. Not a murmur or whisper was heard from any quarter, but quite the contrary. Several local preachers, who afterwards became leaders in Episcopal schism, were present at Hallowell (now Picton), and heard the discussions and resolutions of Conference; among whom was Mr. John Reynolds, who was appointed first bishop of the party. Mr. Reynolds, then and afterwards, declared his entire approval of what the Conference had done, and expressed a pleasurable hope of soon witnessing a union with the English Conference, and the relinquishment of Methodist Episcopacy in Canada.

The proceedings of the Conference of 1833, held in Toronto, over which the Rev. George Marsden presided, when the articles of union (which had been agreed to by the English Conference) were ratified, were, with equal unanimity, approved throughout the Connexion. During the succeeding year, no dissent was heard from any quarter until after the Conference held in June, 1834.

This Conference was presided over by the Rev. Edmund Grindrod, having for his associate the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Alder. At this Conference some measures were adopted for the better regulation of several matters connected with local affairs [as is the case in every Conference]. Among others, some rules were adopted for amending and improving the regulations regarding local preachers, called "The Local Preachers' Resolu-

tions." There were two things in these rules that were objected to by certain parties, namely, the discontinuance of local preachers' Conferences, and the ordination of local preachers. Several took umbrage at this, among whom was Mr. Reynolds; and a convention was called (by whom I know not), to meet in Belleville (where Mr. Reynolds resided) late in the autumn of 1834. This convention consisted of twelve or fifteen persons, who adopted certain resolutions condemning the "local preachers' resolutions" of the Conference, and also expressing disapprobation of the union with the British Conference altogether, out of which, they said, the evil they deprecated had grown. This meeting of local preachers was held seventeen or eighteen months after the union between the English and Canadian Conferences had become an accomplished fact, and two years and a half after the resolutions proposing the measure to the English Conference had been passed by the Canadian Conference. So that those local preachers with whom originated the so-called Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, were members of the Wesleyan Methodist more than one year and a half subsequent to the superseding of Episcopacy by an annual presidency in our Church, and the completion of the union with the English and Canadian Conferences.

This perfectly agrees with what the Rev. John Reynolds said a little while before the meeting of the local preachers: "The day is not far distant when I shall *cease* to be a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church."

During the spring, or early in the summer after this meeting, there came together four or five persons, for the purpose, as they stated, of organizing a *General Conference* of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. This meeting consisted of John Reynolds, a local preacher; Joseph Gatchel, a superannuated preacher; and Daniel Picket, who had been a preacher, but was at this time not a member of any Church, with one or two others—all, with the exception of Picket, were members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. From this little party, the organization of the *General Conference* of the so-called Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada took its rise—thereby causing schism, which for many years disturbed the peace of our Church.

This party of separatists became intensely political, boasting of their high reform principles, and accusing the Wesleyans of

High Church Toryism, of seeking and obtaining Government support, of selling themselves for money, indeed, of sacrificing everything dear to the religious and political rights of the people to ambitious selfishness; calling upon the Methodists and people everywhere to come out and separate from this Babylon, lest they should become partakers of her sins and involved in her ruin.

Politicians, seeing that the agitation might be turned to some political party purpose, took up their cause with great zeal, and certain political papers teemed with articles on the tyranny, despotism, and political depravity and religious apostacy of Wesleyan Methodism. Indeed, it would seem that for a long time the Episcopal party were impressed with the belief that the destruction of the Wesleyan Methodist Church was an indispensable desideratum to the continuance of their party as a separate body.

The *pseudo* Episcopals, as they were properly styled, made no pretensions at their commencement, nor for a good while after, to be the continuers of the old Methodist Episcopal Church. Thus, their pretence was an *afterthought.*

No pretensions to be owners of the Church property were made until 1836; on the contrary, they made it a matter of boasting and self-congratulation that they had forsaken all, and "come out from among them."

Some three years after the union between the English and Canadian Conferences, they claimed to be *the* Methodist Episcopal Church, (i. e.) the very Church that was separated from the M. E. Church in the United States in 1828; that they never belonged to the W. M. Church in Canada; that some of them remained in the house, but they never belonged to the household; that the Methodist Episcopal Church had always continued, and that the Wesleyan Methodist Church were separatists from them! Monstrous as these assumptions were, the Episcopal party made them, and their confidence seemed to increase as their false assumptions multiplied, and, by frequent reiterations, some of them were doubtless brought to believe the truth of what they so often asserted.

Then followed the pretension that they (the Episcopals) were the legal owners of the Church property, that all the churches and parsonages belonged to them, and that they would take

possession of them. This they first attempted by violence, or surreptitiously. Several church doors were forced open, and forcible possession was attempted to be taken of them. Others were entered by stealth, and detention was sought in this way. In the winter of 1836 I had an appointment to hold a missionary meeting in the Switzer Church, Ernesttown. At the close of the services on Sunday, when the people had nearly all gone, I noticed some persons sitting near the door. As I passed them, they hung down their heads, and looked suspicious, as though some ulterior object was the cause of their remaining. With several of them I was well acquainted, and knew they had left our Church and joined the Episcopals. Meeting two or three trustees outside of the church, I communicated to them my suspicions, and advised them to go back and there remain until these persons should leave. It appeared that it was the intention of these individuals to remain until all the people had gone, then to take possession of the church, put a new lock on the door, and, by thus securing it, to possess and occupy it. The trustees, as advised, went back, and requested the persons in question to leave, but they refused to do so; so that they, with the trustees, remained all night, *watching*, certainly, if not praying. On the following morning the Episcopals quietly left, and returned no more to disturb the peace of the society of Switzer Church.

About the same time the Waterloo Church, situated about four miles north of Kingston, was entered by several desperate men, professing to be Episcopal Methodists, who took the lock off the door, put another lock on, and in this way barricaded it against the Wesleyan trustees. After careful deliberation, it was considered best not to attempt forcible entry into the church, but to have recourse to the law to displace the intruders. A writ of ejectment was consequently taken out, and a civil action was commenced. The cause was tried at the Court of Assizes in Kingston, before Judge Macaulay, who charged the jury strongly against the prosecution. The judge—a high churchman and Episcopal successionist—held that Episcopacy being of God, no power on earth could do it away; that if only one individual in the case before him had continued in his adherence to the Methodist Episcopacy in the Church, all its rights should centre in him, and if all had gone from Episcopacy, the Church was

gone. He consequently charged the jury in favour of the defendants, as at least the most probable owners of the property. The verdict of the jury (which consisted mostly, if not entirely, of the political party of defendants) was according to the charge of the judge, in favour of the defendants. Judge Macaulay had little or no knowledge of Church history, especially of the Methodist Episcopacy, or of the nature of ecclesiastical constitutions adopted for the government of different Churches; he was himself a High Church Episcopalian, as far as he knew anything about such matters, and held that the Episcopal form of Church government was ordained of God, and therefore could not be lawfully superseded. Thus far he acted consistently with his principles.* And certainly the authorities of the Methodist Church were very blamable in not seeing that proper information was given at the time of the trial respecting the nature and character of Methodist Episcopacy, and of the power given to the General Conference, by the constitution of the Church, to control, modify, or even do it away; and that the Canada Conference had done nothing more than the constitution and laws of the Church freely authorized them to do, and that they had carefully observed every legal particular in their proceedings.†

An appeal was made from the judgment of the Court at Kingston, to the higher Court of King's Bench at Toronto, which set aside the verdict of the lower court, and ordered a new trial. It is only necessary to say at this (second) trial, as also that

* *Note by E. Ryerson.*—On the appeal to the Court of King's Bench, after Judge Macaulay had examined the documentary evidence on which the appeal was found, he declined to re-assert the views he had expressed to the Kingston jury.

† *Note by E. Ryerson.*—I think the fault was rather with legal counsel employed at the trial than with the "authorities of the Church," who were prepared to give every explanation and needful authority on the subject; but their counsel, Mr. Hagerman,—afterwards Attorney-General, and after that judge—said the case was so plain that no explanation was necessary, and introduced the case without a word of remark for the ejectment of a party who had clandestinely and unlawfully trespassed upon the property of the trustees, who were plaintiffs in the case, leaving to the Judge alone, without a single word or document, the exposition of the doctrine of Episcopacy, irrespective of the sentiments of the Methodist Church in England, the United States, and Canada, respecting the rule of Episcopacy and the authority of the American General and Canadian Conferences in respect to it.

respecting the Belleville Church property case, in which the Episcopals were the plaintiffs, the whole matter was ventilated,*

* *Note by E. Ryerson.*—I was directed to collect and prepare documentary and other evidence for this case. In addition to early editions of the Discipline and other documents, I travelled as far as Baltimore, U.S., to consult the old preachers who were members of the first General Conference in the United States, and had to do with the organization of the Episcopal government of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I also consulted leading ministers of the Church of a later age—such as Bishop Hedding, Dr. Fish, and others. The answers of these venerable men, from 1784 to 1837, to the questions proposed to them, are as follows :

Question. "Has the General Conference power, under any circumstances whatever, by and with the advice of all the Annual Conferences, to render the Episcopal office periodically elective, and to dispense with the ceremony of ordination in the appointment thereto ?"

Answers.

By the Rev. Samuel Luckey, D.D., Editor of the official periodicals of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States :

"In my opinion the General Conference undoubtedly has this right. This is evident from the fact that the Discipline provides for the possibility of their doing so—as it is explicitly enumerated among the things which the General Conference shall *not* do without the recommendation of the Annual Conferences, plainly implying that it *may* do it with such recommendation."

By the Rev. Elijah Hedding, D.D., the second senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States :

"I believe our Church never supposed the ceremony of ordination was necessary to Episcopacy ; that is, that it could not in any possible circumstances be dispensed with, —nor that it was absolutely necessary that one man should hold the Episcopal office for life."

"We concur in the opinion of Bishop Hedding, expressed above.

(Signed) "Thomas Mason,

"George Lane,

"Agents of the General Conference for the Publication of "Books for the M. E. Church."

Questions addressed by E. Ryerson to Rev. Dr. Fisk, President of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct.

"1st. Is Episcopacy held by you to be a doctrine or matter of faith, or a form or rule of Church government, as expedient or not according to times, places, and circumstances ?

"2nd. Has the General Conference power, under any circumstances whatever, by and with the advice of all the Annual Conferences, to render the Episcopal office periodically elective, and to dispense with the ceremony of ordination in the appointment thereto ?

"And as you were present at the British Conference in 1836, as the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, I would beg to propose a third query—

and the result was, the legal decision of the highest judicial tribunal of the land confirmed the Wesleyan Methodist Church as the rightful owner of the church property, it being the true representative and successor of the original Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. These legal litigations extended over more than two years; and the friends of Zion and of peace greatly rejoiced when they were brought to a just and final settlement.

The Episcopals, though utterly defeated in their endeavours to obtain our Church property, and also some legal recognition as a Church, if not *the* Methodist Church, still continued to reiterate their claims to being the Methodist Episcopal, which had been set apart from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States in 1828.

"3rd. Do you consider the ordinations performed under the direction of the British Conference to be Scriptural and Methodistical?"

Dr. Fisk's Reply.

"First, in reference to the Episcopal form of government.

"I, as an individual, believe, and this is also the general opinion of our Church, that Episcopacy is not "a doctrine or matter of faith"—it is not *essential* to the existence of a Gospel Church, but is founded on expediency, and may be desirable and proper in some circumstances of the Church, and not in others.

"Next, as to the power of the General Conference to modify or change our Episcopacy.

"On this subject our Discipline is explicit, that 'upon the concurrent recommendation of three-fourths of all the members of the several Annual Conferences who shall be present and vote on such recommendation, then a majority of two-thirds of the General Conference succeeding shall suffice' to 'change or alter any part or rule of our government, so as to do away Episcopacy *and* destroy the plan of our itinerant General Superintendency.' Of course with the above described majority the General Conference might make the Episcopal office elective, and, if they chose, dispense with ordination for the Bishop or Superintendent.

"I was a delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Wesleyan Conference in England, in 1836. At that Conference I was present at the ordination of those admitted to orders, and by request participated in the ceremony. I considered the ordination, as then and there performed, valid; and the ministers thus consecrated, as duly authorized ministers of Christ."

I likewise waited upon and proposed similar queries to the only ministers then living who were in the ministry in 1784—the Revs. Ezekiel Cooper, Thomas Morrell, Thomas Ware, and Nelson Reed—four of the finest specimens of matured piety and undecayed mental vigour in old age that I ever beheld. From these replies were received, generally coincident with those already given. The limits of space prevents our giving them in full.

It was not, however, until 1844, that a formal application was made to the General Conference of the M. E. Church in the United States, as *the* Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, and as a regular or legitimate branch of the Wesleyan family.

In 1844 they sent to the General Conference in the United States a fraternal address, in which they expressed their earnest desire for recognition, etc., appointing as their representatives the Rev. Messrs. P. Smith, David Culp, and John Bailey. The Wesleyan Methodist Church was also represented at this Conference by the Rev. John Ryerson and the Rev. A. Green.

When the address of the Episcopals was presented, the delegates from the Wesleyan Methodist Church objected to its being received, on the ground of its false assumptions, professing to emanate from the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, whereas there was, in reality, no such Church in Canada; and that the party from whom the documents proceeded were a number of local preachers, who, from dissatisfaction, had separated from the Wesleyan Methodist Church, in which they had endeavoured, and not without success, to make schism. They had subsequently organized themselves into some sort of Church order, under the name of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.

After some deliberation on the subject, the General Conference appointed a committee, consisting of nine of its leading members, to whom the address of the Episcopals was referred. The Episcopal and Wesleyan representatives met the Committee, when the latter reviewed the history of the Episcopal schism from its commencement, showing that the petitioners were separatists from the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and that the schism was not commenced on the ground of the Canada Conference superseding Episcopacy by an annual presidency in their mode of Church government, or of their union with the British Conference, but for reasons which had no connection with either; that the men who had commenced the division were local preachers in the Wesleyan Methodist Church many months after the relinquishment of Episcopacy for an annual presidency, and the union between the English and Canadian Conferences had been consummated. The real cause of the schism was the discontinuance of the ordination of local preachers by the Canadian Conference, and, of course, the ambition of a few to be something greater than they were, and to be at the head of something,

however diminutive that something might be; that the meeting of the local preachers, when the mischief commenced, was held in the year 1835, eighteen months after the union between the British and Canada Conferences was finally settled; that what was called their first General Conference consisted merely in three men getting together—one a local preacher, one a superannuated preacher, yet a member of, and receiving support from, the Canada Conference, and the third no preacher or member of any Church—these three men getting together and constituting themselves a *General Conference*, and electing a local preacher, one of their own number, to be their Bishop, were doings so monstrous as not to be thought of without the most profound contempt and the deepest sorrow.

The above-mentioned, and other facts bearing on the questions under consideration, were fully established before the Committee of the American General Conference by evidence, the truth of which could not be questioned. The representatives of the Canada Conference also reminded the Committee of the persecuting and aggressive proceedings of the Episcopal party throughout, and of their unscrupulous efforts to destroy the character and usefulness of the Wesleyan ministers—to sow the seeds of discord among, and divide the societies of the Wesleyan Methodist Church; that the worst of motives had been imputed to the preachers, and even vile attacks made upon their moral character, as well as on their official proceedings.

The delegates of the Canada Conference observed that if the Episcopal party had come there in their own real character, as separatists from the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, to solicit the friendship and good-will of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, no one would have objected. But it was quite a different thing when they came *declaring themselves to be the original Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada*, which, in consequence, implied that the Wesleyans were schismatical separatists from the said Church, and which they had the assurance to assert hundreds of times.

The representatives of the Canada Conference insisted that the application of the Episcopal party should not be granted—that they should not be recognized in any way as constituting a regular branch of the Wesleyan family.

The substance of the above statements, and proved facts, was

embodied in the report of the Committee of the American General Conference, and resolutions, founded upon the report, were, after some directions, almost unanimously adopted by the said Conference, declaring that certain preachers from Canada, representing what they called the "General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada," could not be received, nor their request be granted; and that in the opinion of the General Conference the said party should not be recognized as a regular branch of the great Wesleyan family.

Thus ended this unpleasant and painful business, so far as the proceedings of the American General Conference on the application of the Episcopal party are concerned. Of the subsequent proceedings of the Episcopals I have nothing more to say, having pointed out their origin and early doings, as connected with the history of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

Note by E. Ryerson, 1880.—It is due to the memory of the late Bishop Richardson to say that he had nothing to do with these calumnies against the ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, as he was a member and minister of that Church, and Chairman of a District, three years after the union took place between the English and Canadian Conferences, in 1833. Early in 1836 the House of Assembly appointed a select Committee to inquire into the question of Government grants to religious bodies, which, among others, summoned the Rev. Messrs. Case, Richardson, and Evans, as witnesses. The following is an extract of the proceedings of this Committee:

"WEDNESDAY, 30th March, 1836.

"Committee met.

"The Rev. James Richardson was called and examined.

"Question 100.—'Are you a member of the Methodist Conference in this Province, formerly known as the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada?' Ans.—'I am.'

"Question 101.—'By what title is the Conference now distinguished?' Ans.—'The Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada.'"—*Index to the Journals of the House of Assembly* of Upper Canada, 2nd Session, 12th Parliament, Vol. III., p. 10, No. 108.

Note by E. Ryerson.—This Committee, of which W. L. Mackenzie was Chairman, employed every possible means, by cavilling and disingenuous questions, to make out that the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church was a recipient of one of the Government grants to religious bodies; but utterly failed. Mr. Richardson's evidence was honest and straightforward; Mr. Evans' evidence was acute and exhaustive, parrying and exposing every attack and insinuation of the Committee; Mr. Case was exceedingly severe on the Seventh Report of the Grievance Committee

of 1835 (written by Mr. W. L. Mackenzie), for its misrepresentations and falsehoods against the Conference and ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada.

Bishop Richardson was a faithful and devout labourer through a long life, and died in the harness of work for his Master. The example and spirit of Bishop Richardson had a salutary influence in abating the acrimony of the Episcopal party in after years. The writer of these essays visited him a few days before his decease, and rejoiced to see his countenance radiant with hope, and find his heart full of love; and after his departure for his heavenly home. his son, Dr. J. H. Richardson, requested, in accordance with his father's wish, that Dr. Ryerson would be one of the pall-bearers at his funeral—a request readily complied with, whereby the writer had the satisfaction of paying his last respects to the venerable man who had been his first superintendent in the Methodist ministry.

[We purposed to have given Chief Justice Robinson's opinion upon the appeal from the judgment of the Court at Kingston to the Court of Queen's Bench—an opinion pronounced by Dr. Luckey "an admirable document—the best, I think, I ever saw, showing the connection of law with ecclesiastical matters;" but on searching the files of the *Guardian*, the number containing this document was discovered to be missing. It was reprinted in the *Methodist Quarterly Review* of that date, and we expect to be able to obtain it.—Ed. Meth. Magazine.]

NIGHT AND DEATH.

BY REV. J. BLANCO WHITE.

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view!
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou madst us blind? *
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If *Light* can thus deceive, wherefore not *Life?*

* Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.—*Thos. Moore.*

NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.

IV.

SUNDAY, Dec. 2.—John Shaw's word is fulfilled. During the past week there has been a most gracious outpouring of the Spirit in this place. "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes." I have not till now had leisure to write in my journals. Far into the watches of the night our meetings have been kept up, and, glory be to God, many have found peace. Their hearts of stone have been smitten; they have cried aloud for mercy with exceeding loud and bitter cries. One of the Moravian Brethren in Bath, to whom with thankfulness I related the great things which God had done for our parish, professed himself greatly scandalized at what he named our tumult. "My doctrine shall drop as the rain," he quoted; "my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." "But the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still small voice."

But sure, we are bidden to cry aloud and spare not,—"Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." And when the foundations of the prison were shaken, and the jailer sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, methinks 'twas not in a whisper that he asked, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

Verily, now do I see that the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear. I had looked upon this village as a valley of dry bones, and had nigh doubted within my heart whether they could ever live, for lo! they were very dry. But the dry bones have heard the word of the Lord, breath hath entered into them, and now they live. What marvel that there hath been a noise and a shaking? We have met together for intercession and praise, as the work hath run from house to house like fire; like fire again leaving some untouched, but leaping on to a farther dwelling at a bound.

There have been many marvellous manifestations of the Lord's power, mighty to save. The maid at the *Blue Boar* was suddenly seized, and became as one mad. But when I bade her look to Christ, as the Israelites looked to the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness, in an instant she obtained mercy. The storm ceased, and there was a great calm. Her mistress had discharged her without warning, but this will be to the profit of her soul.

The little lad Pyke is another monument of saving grace. From his birth he had been a great cross to his parents, especially his poor mother; now seeming wanting in his intellects, and again as though he were bewitched or possessed of a devil, or a changeling, so full was he of malice and wanton mischief. He had oft times fallen into the fire, and oft into the water. He would worry his own and others' flesh as a dog mumbles a sheep's foot, making deep and bloody wounds, and leaving the marks of his teeth for months. At other times he would strip, tear his clothes to tatters, or cast them into the fire, and rush stark naked through the village. At the commencement of the work of grace here he became even more than ordinarily violent and wilful, but, his mother having sent for me, I went and prayed over him, and, to all appearance, the child has been cured from that very hour.

As I was speaking on, "Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all," Agnes ——, who had ever before had the repute of a virtuous and modest maiden, suddenly stood up in the midst of the congregation, and, with many tears, made open confession of secret iniquity. We encouraged her to cast herself at the foot of the cross, relying only on the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; and He who hath said, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," graciously spake peace to her soul.

James Somerton, the quarryman, came in and disturbed our meeting, affirming that we were all hypocrites. But that night I was awakened out of sleep. James stood below, declaring that he had discovered that he had spoken at the prompting of the devil, and that, sore pricked by his conscience, he had risen from his bed, and wandered about in the cold and dark for near three hours. I went down and let him into the kitchen, where,

having blown up the dying fire, and put on fresh fuel, I prayed with him until God in like manner kindled faith in his cold black heart, and having received the Spirit of adoption, he was enabled to cry, Abba, Father. The next night, Nicholas Sayers, the blacksmith's man, who likewise had come to our meeting to mock, was making sport of three young women who had fallen, crying, to the ground, under deep conviction of sin, when suddenly the strong man dropped to the ground as though he had been shot; immediately thereafter wallowing, writhing, and tossing as though rent by a devil. 'Twas as much as many men could contrive to prevent him from doing himself a mischief. Meanwhile his outcries were terrible. His bones waxed old through his roaring, and many hearts melted at the sound thereof. Two more men were pricked to the heart, and fell upon their knees loudly imploring mercy. We continued in prayer with them, and before midnight God gave rest to their souls, but 'twas nigh upon one before Nicholas found peace.

Some came from the next parish to our meeting, laughing and saying that their squire and parson had sent them to us to be converted, and that we must be quick about it, as their road home was bad to travel without a moon. But their jesting ceased, and deep seriousness came upon them as I reasoned with them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Alas! however, like Felix, they put off acting on their conviction until a more convenient season. Nevertheless, they left our meeting far more orderly than they had entered it, saying, as they departed, that they would trouble us no more.

At times our whole assembly has been stirred as by a rushing mighty wind filling the whole house; but when we have hoped that the day of Pentecost had fully come, we have been disappointed to find that these seasons of general moving were not so fruitful in conversions as times in which now one and another afterwards was separately seized, and could be prayed for singly.

Sarah Kinns's was a noteworthy case. Her father, an ignorant man, calling us in profane scorn "the Holy Ghosters," finding that Mary talked so much about her sins, and from having been a merry maid was ever moping, went to the Vicar and asked his counsel. That poor blind leader of the blind, Kinns boasted, answered "that 'twas mere megrims troubled his

daughter, and what she wanted was a doctor or a wake. If the lads would get well drunken, and the lasses all pick sweethearts," Kinns affirms the pastor to have said, "we should hear no more of your Methodists." The foolish man, Kinns, did accordingly, take his daughter to Frome Fair, where he drank abundance of the strong ale for which that town is too famous (I was told when I passed through it that there is at one of its inns a huge cask containing many hogsheads), and took his pleasure after his swinish manner. But though he would have her dance in the booths, and bought her fairings of the pedlery, Sarah continued of a sorrowful spirit. Nay, she was worse when she came back than when she started. During the father's absence the mother invited me to visit her child. I found her sitting motionless, her eyes, around which were great black rings, fixed upon the ground. Suddenly her lips twitched, her countenance was distorted, and she shrieked aloud, her limbs being tossed about wildly meanwhile, as though not of her own will, but moved by some unseen power that had taken possession of her.

"It is too late," she cried, like old John Shaw. "I might have been saved if father had not taken me to Frome; but now I am damned. I cannot be saved; I won't be saved. Come, take me, devil, dear devil, just as I am, with all my sins. Yea, come quickly, O Lord Devil," and at this she cast herself upon the ground, and putting her hands together, bowed her head as if in worship, still muttering, "O Lord Devil," so that her mother ran out in fright. And, indeed, 'twas very dreadful to be brought thus face to face with the Prince of Darkness triumphing over the soul he had ensnared. To drown the more and more awful blasphemies which she uttered, I started a hymn, but at every mention of the name of Christ she screamed so frightfully, and was racked by such hideous tortures, that I was constrained to desist. So falling on my knees, and stopping my ears, so that I might not hear her wicked words, I prayed without ceasing, until at last she fell asleep. After about an hour, during which I had still knelt beside her praying, she woke calmed, and in her right mind. With a smile upon her lips, she said, "I have been with the devil, but Christ descended into hell and led me out. Glory for ever to His name!"

Thus, in the comparative leisure of this day have I related

some of the wonderful works of God in this place. I humbly thank Thee, O Father, for having made me Thy instrument, in however small degree, in bringing my neighbours unto Thee. O Lord, let me not be puffed up, and sacrifice unto my own net, and burn incense unto my drag. But, sure, 'twould be impossible after my late experience of my impotence and Thine almighty power. "Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in His sight. How much less man that is a worm?" What am I but a worm, yea, less than a worm, in Thy sight, O Lord God of Hosts. "With Thine own right hand, and Thy holy arm, hast Thou gotten Thyself the victory."

Sat. 15.—For a time the work is stayed, but, thanks be to God, those who have been called walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God, strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness; giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made them meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who hath delivered them from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son. Nevertheless, although 'tis great cause for thankfulness that here where the people sat in darkness there hath arisen a great light, 'tis still the many that be called, the few chosen. How many of my neighbours are still unregenerate! And, alas! it cuts me to the heart that while the dew of the Spirit hath dropped plenteously around, my own fleece hath continued dry. Not one of my family hath been touched. Nay, my poor wife's old angry hatred of the Methodists hath been revived and strengthened. She fears that my zeal for the Gospel may again hinder my worldly advancement, and, indeed, Mr. Saunders hath shown no great rejoicing over the work of the Spirit in our midst, although he cannot lay to my charge that I have neglected his business. Methinks that, as a professor, he might have somewhat abridged my hours of secular business to give me fuller opportunity to labour for the Lord. But he hath not, and I will not judge him. To his own Master he shall stand or fall. But I may here say that the opposition of my wife and the coldness of my family are a cross unto me, inasmuch as they may prove a stumbling block in the way of sinners who might otherwise come within hearing

of the Gospel. The sons of Belial make a scoff of my powerlessness to move my kindred. "The zaint," say they, "is too well knowan at huome. Let un convart his own volk avore he talk to uz."

Mon. 17.—As I came in from Bath, I heard the beating of a drum, and passing the *Blue Boar*, I saw the zany they call Merry Andrew beating the drum in the gateway of the yard. A puppet-show man had set up his stage within, and a crowded company had assembled to witness the absurd, nay more, immoral performance, for 'twas a profane stage-play the figures acted. In the crowd were many children, among them my little Susan and Jack, and when I called to them to come out, those who should have known better would have prevented them, until Sue began to weep, whereupon Jacky forced a way for her. But when nigh breathless he had brought out his sister, he likewise appeared inclined to weep at having been interrupted in what, alas! he had thought an entertainment. I take it not kindly that my wife should have suffered the children to go to such a place, knowing, as she doth, my aversion to these graven images of fools which others show to the delight of more.

Wed. 19.—Mr. Saunders having attended Chippenham Fair last week, I was sent to complain of the rustiness and short weight of the bacon sent in the stead of that which, he saith, he bought, and to demand restitution; but in this I failed. "Nay, nay," said the seller, "'tis the same, to an ounce weight, that thy master bought. They say 'tis as hard to take thy master at unawares as to catch a weasel napping; that when he sleeps, he still hath one eye open like the Bristol folk. What could he expect at the price to which he beat me down? Tut, tut; 'twill be no loss, I warrant. I know him well. You'll sell it between you at good profit as Best Wiltshire." 'Tis grievous to hear these things said of one who, save for his shortcomings caused by love of filthy lucre, is, I believe, God's servant. 'Tis hard, too, to be taken for his abettor in these doubtful, if they be not downright dishonest, practices. Having heard that to-morrow there will be a more than ordinary show of cheese at Chipping Sodbury Market, he hath set out overnight to buy there. I hope he will make no more such bargains. They cause great grief to his good wife, who is an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile. Having invited me to take tea with her this evening, she related

to me how three years ago Mr. Wesley formed the Bath Society; persuading a few, who before had been content to come to Jesus secretly, for fear of the gay gentry and them which depend on them, to take up their cross, and let their light shine before men, instead of hiding it under a bushel. She saith that one of the greatest hindrances to women's growth in grace in Bath is their reluctance to wear sober apparel in the midst of so much glistering raiment, not of angels. And I can well believe it true. It grieves me to see how my poor Patty is now bedizened; but when I spake to Mistress Spaull about the matter, she answered that the clothes came out of her pocket, and that she must dress the child to please the eyes of her customers, and not as if she was Noah's granddaughter just landed from the ark. This flippancy the poor woman mistakes for wit, and doubtless 'tis in accordance with what passeth for such among her fine customers.

Mistress Saunders heard Mr. Wesley first preach in the open air at Bristol (therein following Mr. Whitefield), and saith that at first he seemed half-ashamed of his field preaching; but that, as he warmed to his work, this went off, and he soon proclaimed the mercy of God in Christ with great fluency and boldness.

Fri. 21.—I had marvelled that the Vicar, of whose rage against the wondrous work here, in which God hath deigned to make me an humble instrument, I was well advised, had not before striven to let it, but to-day, at his instance, I was brought before two Justices, the constable using more violence than was necessary; for, indeed, there was cause for none, since I went with him quietly, as needs I must, although at great inconvenience to my worldly business. I know little of the niceties of the law, but methinks the two Justices knew less, and that the Vicar's lawyer, one Mr. Minchin, brought from Bath, played on their ignorance in order to bring against me a hotch-potch of accusations. First, I was told that I must forfeit a shilling for every Lord's day I had absented myself from church—"and sure," said one of the Justices, thinking to show his wit, "if you be so wondrous good a man, you'll not grudge that, for 'twill be given to the poor. 'He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord,'" he drawled through his nose. "Beain't this good Zcriptur, pearzon?" he added, turning to the Vicar; and, indeed, all his talk was of like illiteracy.

Next they gave me to understand that if I contumaciously persisted in absenting myself from my parish church for another month, I must pay £20 to the King, and £10 a head for my wife and children likewise absenting themselves. But here the Vicar put in his word. "Nay, nay," said he, "'twould serve the saucy stubborn fellow right to punish him with utmost of the law; but if we bear too hard upon him, 'twill punish them who would come to church right willingly, an' he would suffer them." To all this I answered quietly that myself and family were constant churchgoers—none more so. "A lie!" shouted the parson. "Deny, an' thou dare, thou wert wandering about drunk on Fast Day." "'Tis a railing accusation," I replied, "and Fast Day fell not on a Sunday." Winking at his employer, who showed much confusion, Lawyer Minchin suddenly asked me whether I called myself a Quaker, and when I had answered "Nay," then he cried, "We will swear him on the book. Thou mayest be harmless as doves, Mr. Pidgeon, in thine own conceit, but methinks thou hast not the serpent's wisdom, though thou mayest have its venom. Wilt take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy?" "I am willing," I answered. "What, and subscribe the declaration against Popery?" he thundered. "Even so," was my reply.

"Don't believe un, your worships," shouted the landlord of the Blue Boar, who had followed me into the Justice-room, glad of heart; and none even lifted a finger to silence him. "Ay, though," he went on, grumbling, "he'd swear his head off, but you needn't believe un none the more. Who heeds what a Papish swears? He's a Papish, or else he's a Presbyterian, and they're both tarred with one brush."

Having let him have his say out without interruption, the lawyer turned sharp upon me. "Do you call yourself a preacher, Mr. What's-your-name?" he asked. I answered that, as he well knew, my name was Pidgeon, and that at all times I expounded the Word of God to them that were willing to listen unto me. "Ay, and to them that beant," cried the Justice, who thought himself a wag. "I've heerd thee bawling, little to my liking." And at this, of course, there was a great laugh. When it had died away, the man who raised it laughing longest, the lawyer said to me, "Mr. Preacher, have you sub-

scribed the articles of religion mentioned in the statute of Elizabeth?"

"I have subscribed no articles," I answered. He interrupted me with a mocking "Ha, ha; I knew that I should have thee first or last," and an inquiry whether I were willing to subscribe to the articles.

"I am a member of the Church of England," I replied, "and therefore willing to subscribe to any of her articles. What are those of which you speak?"

"Those," said he, "which concern the confession of the true Christian faith, and the doctrine of the sacraments as taught by the Church of England."

"With all my heart," said I, "will I subscribe to these."

At this, changing his tone to one still more sneering, he rejoined, "Come, now, tell the truth for once in thy life, Nathaniel. Art not an Anabaptist, Nathaniel?"

"What is an Anabaptist?" I inquired.

"Sure, Mr. Preacher, you're a bungler at your trade," he answered. "If I've to teach you divinity, you must pay me my fee. Though Anabaptist doctrine is devilry, not divinity. Why, a fellow who wants to damn babies by putting off their christening, and to make grown folk catch their death of cold by dipping them who have been sprinkled, as is reasonable, in their youth."

"I am a Pædobaptist," I answered. Whereupon, without giving me time to say more, my learned host of the Blue Boar shouted in triumph, "Hear un, your worships! The la'yer's got it out of un. I could ha' zworn he wer a Baptist, or zum zuch devilry."

Taking no heed of the foolish man's interruption, I went on, "As to the mode in which the rite is to be performed, the Prayer Book saith that if the child may well endure it, the priest shall dip it in the water discreetly and warily."

Thereupon the lawyer asked me of my meeting-house. "I have none," said I, "but preach now in the open air, and anon from house to house as doors be opened."

"Doors be opened!" he exclaimed, taking the word out of my mouth to mock me; "then more licences will be wanted; and which one of them hast thou registered in the Bishop's court or the archdeacon's, or at quarter sessions?"

"None," I answered. "I knew not it was necessary."

"I thought as much," cried he, "and I shall bring proof, your worships, that albeit he had obtained a licence for his meeting-house, or meeting-houses, still would he not be exempt from the statute penalties, inasmuch as he hath not preached with unlocked, unbarred, and unbolted doors; but, on the other hand, hath preached with locked, barred and bolted doors." At this iteration the Justices very wisely shook their heads, as if 'twere some great point of law indeed.

Then he called a lewd fellow, on whom we have more than once been compelled to close our doors to avoid his disturbance, who declared on oath that, having at sundry times endeavoured to enter our meetings, he had been shut out—nay, more, giving lying and self-contradictory circumstance, that I had three times assaulted him (whereas 'twas he who once laid violent hands on me), so that he went in fear of his life because of me. Thereupon I was bound over in two sureties and my personal recognizance to keep the peace towards him and all his Majesty's subjects for six months. Doubtless 'twas thought I should find none willing to become bound for me, and that thus I might be committed to spend my Christmas holidays in prison; but Mr. Saunders, who had ridden over from Bath to inquire what had happened to me, became one. The other, to the vexation of the Vicar, and the astonishment of the lawyer and his brother magistrates, was, of his own offer, the Justice who kept the mob off us at Robert Farrant's. He loves not Methodists; but he is an upright man, who abborreth unrighteous judgments. I must write to Mr. Wesley touching this matter of licensing and the rest. He knows the law, and fears not to put to shame them who, from ignorance or malice, would wrest it to the injury of the innocent.

Mon. 24.—The Vicar hath made another essay to lock me up. Mr. Saunders having shut his shop until after Christmas, in order that I might redeem the time because the days are evil, I walked to a neighbouring village wherein I had heard that a few were anxiously inquiring the way to Zion. Scarce had I gathered them about me in Widow Leigh's cottage, when in walked one who, I was told, was an Overseer of the Poor, with two constables.

"Is your name Pidgeon?" asked the Overseer.

I answered "Yea."

"Bring him along. 'Tis the rogue we want, then!" cried the Overseer to his men.

As they approached to lay hands on me, I demanded sight of their warrant.

"We'll warrant ee," said the bigger constable, smiting me with his staff; but the Overseer, pulling a paper from his pocket, read his authority to bring before Mr. D——, the Rector, a great friend of our Vicar's, hunting and drinking, dicing and card-playing with him, one Nathaniel Pidgeon, described as an able-bodied vagrant of no lawful calling, going about the country to the breach of the King's peace.

"We've been looking for thee," said the Overseer, "and now thou'st walked into the gin. Bring the lazy rascal along. His zhoulders are full broad enough to carry a knapzack. There's no Methodees here to rescue un, and he zhan't come here to make none, says parzon."

Accordingly I was haled before the Rector, the Justice who had issued the warrant, sitting alone. When I had answered to my name, giving me no opportunity to make reply or call witnesses, he abused me until he was out of breath, using oaths which would have cost him many a crown, methinks, if, like an upright judge, he had convicted himself of profaneness upon his own hearing, or the constables had done their duty, and carried him before another magistrate. 'Twas horrible to think that such language should proceed from lips commissioned to read the pure words of Scripture, to offer pious prayer to God, and preach the holy Gospel. My judge was my accuser. He called me idle fellow, and said that those who could not labour were not fit to live. He would put me in the way of pretending to earn my bread, he added, but expressed a charitable hope that the King might not be troubled long with so bad a bargain. 'Twas not enough to call me idle, I was disorderly as well, a rogue and vagabond—yea, an incorrigible rogue, to boot. Whipping and imprisonment were too good for me; I should be transported. He would commit me, he said, and was in two minds as to whether he would not fine Widow Leigh forty shillings for harbouring of me. I was a rebel in my heart, and willy nilly should be made to serve the King. If the Pretender came, said the fair, reasonable,

reverend Justice, I would be shot one way or other, most like for deserting, and 'twould be a good riddance of bad rubbish.

In vain I pointed out that I had a fixed habitation, and was well known in the village.

"Ay, better known than trusted," quoth he.

'But, sir——" said I.

"Say 'your Washup,' feller!" cried the big constable, shaking me.

"But, your Worship," I went on, "'tis notorious that I am employed in a post of trust by Mr. Saunders, whom, doubtless, you know; him who hath his shop in Southgate Street in Bath, a man of substance and repute, my surety on another charge. Let me but send for him?"

"Nay," saith the Rector, "my people have something better to do than to run thy errands."

In vain was all my protestation.

"'Tis cheap to talk," cries his reverence. "Lying comes easy to thee, Pidgeon. 'Tis thy trade. However, thou may'st prove what thou sayest at thy leisure, an' thou canst. To jail I'll send thee."

And he was about to make out my mittimus when, as luck would have it, as the world says, in the good providence of God say I, in came my other surety, Justice Wills, who had come to speak with Mr. D—— on county business. 'Twas not long after this before I obtained release, Mr. Wills in good humour warning me, as I took my departure, to mend my ways, and keep out of trouble, or he would no more be bound for me; and Mr. D——, half in jest and half in earnest, growling that he had scared the vermin off his manor for one while, and, if I came again, he would take care I should find no friend at court. And such men are called Justices! When, on my return home, I related what had happened to my family, my little Jack appeared half vexed that his father should have been unwilling to go for a soldier if the King wanted him, but thereupon his mother, who mostly takes pride in Jacky's high spirit, as she calleth it, chid the little lad with, methinks, overmuch heat, saying that 'twas pity that papa, who might hold his head as high as any an' he would, laid himself open to be pressed for a common soldier. The pride of life hath sad grasp upon my poor dear wife. Perchance, if I would do as many men do, who, nevertheless, are held of good repute, I might ad-

vance myself in this world; but, sure, 'tis better to think of the next, and be little and unknown below for conscience' sake. Later in the evening, to our joy, Patty came in to spend her Christmas with us. She is taller but thinner than when she left us. She makes no complaint, however, of scant food, or hard work. On the other hand, I fear the poor child loves her place but too well for the sake of its vanities. One would believe the simple wench thought herself a fine lady from the way she talks and minces. 'Twas a hardship, forsooth, to her ladyship that she could find no better conveyance for herself and box than the carrier's cart. May she never find a worse. In the presence of her mother, moreover, she takes it upon her to correct the children's manners, and my wife, although not well liking it, saith nothing, thinking that Patty hath picked up the latest fashions in behaviour.

But 'tis no theme for jesting. I am sorely grieved at her extravagant and ridiculous mode of dress—to my thinking, whatever Mistress Spaull may say, quite out of keeping with her station—and to note her love of it, and the envy the sight of it hath raised in Hester's heart. I had to reprove the poor children for their idle talk which I overheard touching beaux and billets, and such like folly. Thank God the world hath not yet rooted out from Patty's heart all love of her home, and I trust 'twill be so with Hester likewise when she hath to leave us. When awhile since the Christmas bells rang out, 'twas comforting to have all who are closely near and dear unto me under one roof again. God grant that we may meet again next year, and, above all, that we may be a united family in heaven.

PRAYER.

MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—*Tennyson.*

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BY ADAM ANDRAS.

In the Universities and Churches of this country, the name of no modern teacher of mental science is more familiar than that of Sir William Hamilton. Yet while scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since his work was finished, there is no prominent man of our age of whose personal life less is known. The pursuit of philosophy does not bring a man before the multitude. Wrapped in the cloud of metaphysics, his companions are few and select. The many, who care not for his severe studies, are apt to lose sight of the human personality, which may be, none the less, a very warm and lovable one. To us a man's work is more than the worker. But these are so interlaced that those who care for the one will feel a lively interest in the other. What manner of man, then, was this, who spent the most of his life amid the mazes and labyrinths of abstract thought? Let us try to coax him out of the cloud, that we may see him in the every-day sunlight in which ordinary mortals dwell.

Sir William Hamilton was born in the busy city of Glasgow, in the year 1788. His father was by profession a physician, and held the chair of Anatomy and Botany in the venerable Glasgow University. He was descended from an ancient and honourable Scottish family. The grandfather of Sir William was also a physician, and a professor in the University of his native city. This gentleman, who is described as "Stout Thomas the tall," was the poet of one of the College societies called the "Hodge Podge," the proceedings of which were a genial jumble of nonsense and sense, very much like College clubs to-day.

Like many eminent men, Sir Wm. Hamilton owed much to his mother. She was the daughter of a Glasgow merchant, tall and stately, not devoid of beauty, with very considerable strength of character and natural ability. Her son, in many respects, resembled her. She early saw in him those qualities for which he became famous, and resolved to give him all possible opportunities of obtaining a thorough education. She never ceased, while she lived, to exercise over him a powerful and salutary

influence. This maternal influence was the more important in the formation of his character, since he lost his father when he was only two years of age. Sir William had a younger brother, who became a soldier and afterward an author; and was known in Edinburgh society as Captain Hamilton.

Our subject was not, as we at one time fancied, one of those to whom the honour of knighthood comes as a recognition of brilliant talent or distinguished service. The Hamilton family was divided into two branches: the Hamiltons of Airdrie and those of Preston. To the Preston branch originally belonged a baronetcy and valuable estates. The property had, in the course of time, disappeared. The last heir of the Preston branch amassed a large fortune, and dying without issue, bequeathed it to the University of Glasgow; and the title devolved upon the heir of the Airdrie family. The claim to this title had been allowed to remain in abeyance for a century. But Sir William, who was not unmindful of the claims of long descent, no sooner entered upon his public career than he established, before a jury, his right to bear the name and style of "Baronet of Preston and Fingalton." This dignity did not fill his purse, but it made him the inheritor of inspiring memories and greater social prestige. His ancestors had been active in the stormy periods of Scottish history. He, in another arena, with weapons not carnal but intellectual, dealt blows as vigorous and skilful as were struck by the good broad-sword and battle-axe of his valiant forefathers, upon the fields of Bothwell Bridge, and Worcester, and Drumclog.

Born within the precincts of a college, the entire life of Sir Wm. Hamilton, from the cradle to the grave, was spent in the congenial atmosphere of the schools. He jocosely relates that, as a gownsman of twelve, he attended the classes of junior classics in the University. But in defiance of his childish anger, his mother wisely removed him thence, and sent him to private schools in England. His residence at the English schools was very irksome to the boy, and he hailed with delight his release from this enforced exile, and his return to the familiar halls of the old college. In Glasgow he resumed his studies, and each year won the highest honours in his favourite subjects —logic and metaphysics. Having completed his course here, he was sent to Edinburgh. Some of his friends desired to make

him a disciple of Æsculapius, and he went to the old Scottish capital to study medicine. Here he remained but one session, his removal being occasioned by his election to the privileges of Snell Exhibitioner. The Snell Exhibitions had been founded by the beneficence of a private gentleman, to enable some of the most distinguished students of Glasgow to secure the additional advantages of residence at Oxford. To Oxford, therefore, the young student went, and after residing in Balliol College for a period of three years, he took his degree.

The associations of this famous seat of learning could not fail to be agreeable to a young man of his tastes and habits. While in Oxford he received but little actual instruction. He proved himself one of the most omnivorous readers and thorough students in that home of scholars. Dr. Parsons, Master of Balliol, said of him, "He is one of those, and they are rare, who are best left to themselves. He will turn out a great scholar; and we shall get the credit of making him so, though in point of fact we shall have done nothing whatever for him." So it proved. Seldom had a man acquitted himself so brilliantly at an Oxford oral. Yet writing to his mother at this time, he simply observes, "I was not plucked," thus furnishing an example of "the modesty of true science."

Such devotion to abstract pursuits in a young man of twenty-one, was not less meritorious, since it is so rare. Then were laid the foundations of that vast and sound learning for which he became so famous. It was said that he could offer, without boasting, to give some account of any book in any branch of science or literature which he had studied. He has been called a man "of infinite acquirement and infinite ability." This language may be somewhat extravagant. But certain it is that he has seldom been equalled in the extent of his reading. Had his original thinking been proportioned to the amount and accuracy of his reading, it is impossible to tell what he might have accomplished. But to combine these requires more time and strength than belong to this brief mortal life. The ancients, who read the fewest books, have written books that lived the longest. Moderns read so much that they have less time to think. Sir Wm. Hamilton took far more trouble to master the details of Aristotle's doctrines, and the opinions of everybody about the Stagirite's work, than he did in elaborating his own

system. Hence in his published teachings are crudities and discrepancies which it needs no very critical eye to mark.

But we must not lose the purely human in the student. While a resolute worker, he was no stranger to those feelings which make us men. He was a youth of overflowing animal spirits. Excelling in those feats of strength which are the delight of boys, he was a leader in the games of his school-fellows. Philosophy did not keep him from the pranks of the undergraduate. With a skull, a broomstick and a gown, he could appear, in a mysterious manner, at the door of a room in which a number of his companions were discussing the reality of ghosts. For the promotion of science, as he facetiously stated, he fed the college mouse with bread-crumbs soaked in wine, thus discovering that under the spell of strong drink mice and men are very much alike.

A story goes to the effect that a tutor who was given to eavesdropping was listening one night at the keyhole of Hamilton's room, the occupants of which were rather noisy, when Hamilton suddenly opened the door, seized the offending tutor by the collar, and shook him over the balustrade. The affrighted tutor revealed himself, when Hamilton released him, observing that he did not expect to find a tutor in such a position—he thought it was one of those rascally scouts.

Such was Sir William Hamilton during his school-life. Buoyant and playful among his fellows; handsome and commanding in person; open, generous, and gentlemanly, he won the respect of the Oxonians both by his personal qualities and by that keen intellectual ambition which made him the hardest reader and most earnest and self-reliant student of his time.

Leaving Oxford in 1811, he began the study of law in Edinburgh. During the next twenty-five years he led the even life of a lawyer and a man of letters. It was after he passed as Advocate that he assumed the title and style of Baronet. He was no stranger to the dull waiting for a brief. Thus he writes: "I have had my time sadly consumed in pacing these vile Parliament House boards—nothing to do—which I am not sorry at in the present state of my legal acquirements." He did not take kindly to his profession, and his career as a lawyer was not very brilliant. He was not, and could not be, a ready and fluent speaker. He was more at home in the byways than in the

beaten paths of his profession. Literature had charms for him which the bar could not yield. No wonder that he spent more time in the Advocates' Library than in the great hall of the Parliament House. He preferred the company of the schoolmen and the Greeks to that of eager clients and the agents of his profession.

Edinburgh was a pleasant place of abode for a man of letters. This was one of the most active and fruitful periods in the literary life of the city. The strife between Whig and Tory was excessively bitter, and the peaceful republic of letters did not altogether escape the disturbing influence of political partisanship. Still, the associations of the thinkers and writers of the time were agreeable. In these amenities Sir William Hamilton shared. Not a few well-known names are met with in his biography of men whom he knew, with many of whom he was intimate, and some of whom were his antagonists. In his own profession we meet such names as Cockburn and Brougham. In philosophy, Dr. Brown and Dugald Stewart are teaching. Sir Walter Scott is busy pouring from his prolific pen his great novels. Jeffrey, through the *Edinburgh Review*, is visiting the poets with his keen and polished criticisms. The cheerful De Quincey is a frequent visitor at Hamilton's house. John Gibson Lockhart, and the irrepressible Christopher North, with a worthy band of helpers, are filling the pages of *Blackwood* with their wit and wisdom. All these men were the contemporaries of Sir Wm. Hamilton. A couple of visits to the Continent upon legal business, also made him acquainted with some eminent German scholars. Nor did he forget the great men of the past. Besides pursuing his researches in his chosen field, he made some excursions into the domain of later Latin poetry, and spent many hours with old George Buchanan. Amid his graver studies, he entered into debate with Dr. Spurzheim and the famous George Combe, the champions of phrenology. Carlyle was in Edinburgh about this period, and gives a most graphic picture of Sir William reading a paper on Phrenology before the Royal Society. It is very clear that neither the sage of Chelsea nor Sir William was a follower of Combe.

It was during this period that Sir William began his contributions to the periodical press. His essays revealed his unexampled erudition, and his power to deal with the difficult

problems of psychology. He was now also drawn into the discussion of Higher Education and University Reform. In such various ways were his great abilities employed during these twenty-five years. Happy in his home life, mingling in the most intelligent society of the capital, revered for his talents and learning, beloved for his gentleness and modesty, yet dealing betimes heavy and even hasty blows at what he deemed wrong, he still pursued those studies which prepared him for his special work.

No sketch of the career of Sir William Hamilton would be complete without some mention of his work as a teacher. He had not long resided in Edinburgh when he became a candidate for the vacant chair of Moral Philosophy in the University. That his qualifications for the post were pre-eminent, nobody could doubt. But Sir William was a Liberal in politics, and the Tory influence proved too strong for him. He was told that if he would only allow it to be published that he was not a Whig, he would be elected; but he rejected the bait with high-minded scorn, and his friend, Dr. John Wilson, beat him in the race. It is pleasing to know that no personal bitterness was permitted in this contest to mar the friendly relations of Sir William and the mirthful Christopher. Shortly afterwards Sir William was promoted to the professorship of Civil History. This, however, brought neither substantial compensation nor ample scope for his talents, and he was compelled to wait many long years ere his opportunity came.

His appointment to the chair of Logic in Edinburgh University was the beginning of his proper work as a teacher. In this particular department of learning he had no rival in Britain. But he did not, even now, gain this position without strong opposition. For a quarter of a century, although the most unobtrusive of men, his Liberal opinions had been a bar to scholastic preferment. The patronage of the University was in the hands of the Town Council, and Sir William had already written powerfully against the propriety of vesting such powers in this body. He also refused to stoop to a personal canvass of the electors, roundly affirming that he would scorn such a course as morally dishonest. His opponents alleged that his writings were obscure, when he pointed out that the obscurity of his essays lay, not in the style of the writer, but in the incapacity

of the reader. It was objected to his candidature that he had not produced evidence of his religious character; whereupon one elector said he would not have voted for him if such evidence had been needed; while another in manly terms denounced those men who, smitten with a sudden zeal on occasions like this, make religion a stalking-horse. There were three other candidates, and the battle was hot, but Sir William was elected by the small majority of four, and for the next twenty years was the ablest and most enthusiastic teacher of speculative philosophy in Britain. The course which he adopted, his methods and doctrines, have an interest only to the few. He several times came into conflict with his old friends of the Town Council. But he taught with his usual energy and enthusiasm, winning the affection of his students, and giving an impulse to the study of the higher philosophy in Scotland unexampled in modern times, even in that nation of clear and strong thinkers.

Comparatively late in life, Sir William Hamilton married a Miss Marshall, his mother's niece, who had lived in the family the previous ten years. A woman of strong practical understanding, she proved a most valuable help-meet. He was apt to postpone the tasks which required immediate attention, and was particularly averse to original composition. It was largely owing to her tact and energy that he accomplished so much. Previous to his marriage he fell into the habit of allowing his books to lie about in inglorious confusion, upon chairs, tables, and floor, and when one room became uninhabitable he would migrate to another. This, of course, a lady could not permit, and his immense library was henceforth kept in order. She also acted as an amanuensis, and large piles of manuscript remained after his decease in her handwriting. His first course of lectures as professor was written—each lecture on the night preceding its delivery. "All through the session Lady Hamilton sat up with her husband each night, until near the grey dawn of the winter morning. Sir William wrote the pages of the lecture on rough sheets, and his wife, sitting in an adjoining room, copied them as he got them ready. On some occasions Sir William would be found writing as late as nine o'clock of a morning, while his faithful but wearied amanuensis had fallen asleep on a sofa."

Sir William, during his later years, manifested a keen interest in religious questions. He received from Leyden the diploma

of Doctor of Divinity, and humorously observed that he was perhaps the only layman in Europe who could pretend to the title "Reverend." It is no matter of surprise that such a man was drawn into the great Disruption controversy which rent the Church of Scotland. Dr. Chalmers, the earnest and eloquent leader, was an associate of Sir William in the Senate. Sir William wrote a pamphlet in sympathy with the Established Church. It is a fact of deeper interest that he was an humble adherent of that pure faith for which some of Scotland's brave sons had suffered and bled. One of his pupils writes: "It is with peculiar pleasure that I think of so great a mind as having, in days of doubt and restless speculation, satisfied itself with that common Christian belief with which so many of the loftiest human intellects have been contented, and as having proved, with a yet deepened sense, its value, as I humbly believe, amid the discipline of affliction and the shadows of death."

Such was Sir William Hamilton. A fellow-worker, who differed widely from his philosophical opinions, writes of him: "A simpler and a grander nature never arose out of darkness into human life; a truer and a manlier character God never made." During the last decade of life he suffered from a stroke of paralysis. But he held his chair to the last, and diligently prosecuted his literary work. In such quiet labours were his closing years spent. Entertaining some distinguished visitor, or encouraging some humble student; reading some favourite author, or making a kite for his children; lecturing to his class in the University, or resting in the bosom of his family; honoured by foreign scholars and beloved at home, so he peacefully waited all his days till his change came. His last words, ere he fell asleep, were: "Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

LIFE.

BETWEEN two worlds life hovers like a star
'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge,
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the home of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

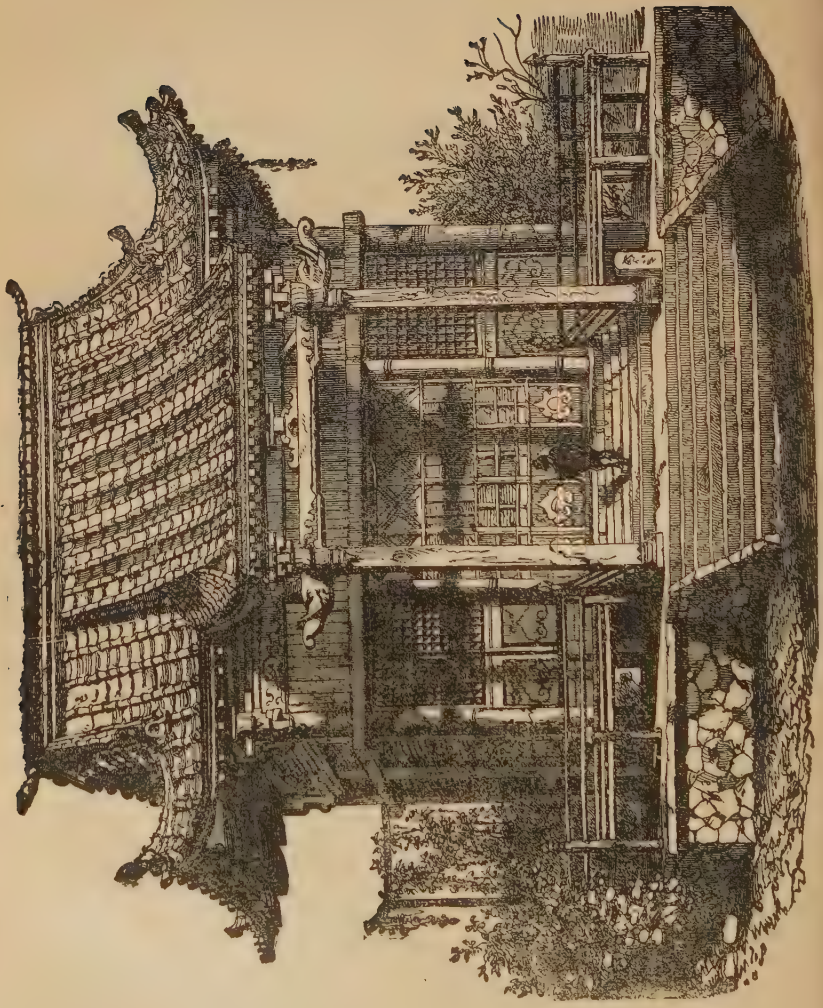
JAPAN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN.

IV.

ITS GREAT CITIES—TOKIO—Continued.

Not far from *Atagoyama* is the *Kogakko Riyo*—Imperial College of Engineering. This College was established by the Department of Public Works, for the education of engineers for the public service. The course of training extends over six years. The first two are spent wholly in study; during the next two, half of the time is spent in study and half in the practice of the particular branch which the student intends to pursue. The last two years of the course are spent wholly in practical work. Admission to the College is by competitive examination —all under the age of twenty, of sound constitution, and good moral character, are eligible. By a preliminary examination, the best hundred or so of the candidates are selected. These are submitted to a second examination, and the best fifty are chosen as cadets. After two terms, spent in a general and scientific course, as a foundation, each student is required to select some branch of the special technical course, which includes Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Telegraphy, Architecture, Practical Chemistry and Metalurgy, and Mining. The College buildings are of brick, and reflect great credit on the intelligence and enterprise of the Department of Public Works. The large central hall is furnished with portable desks for examination purposes; the floor is a beautiful mosaic of Japanese woods; the fretted roof, at a great elevation, is supported on iron columns, and around the inside runs a wide gallery, used as a library, which already contains over 12,000 volumes in different languages, selected with a view to the needs of the College. The lecture rooms are on either side of the hall, and extend in two great wings, the whole forming three sides of a quadrangle. There are also an extensive museum, boarding-houses for students, and residences for the professors—among whom are twelve foreigners, all British. The situation is just within the Tiger Gate of the Old Castle, and is well chosen for convenience and picturesque effect.



JAPANESE TEMPLE.

The *Fukiage newa*—Imperial Pleasure Grounds—are well worthy of a visit. Passing the entrance, the road leads through a beautiful bamboo grove. The tall, slender, polished, reed-like stems of the bamboo, crowned with graceful tufts of evergreen leaves, are objects of universal admiration; and when cultivated in clumps or groves, they add very much to the charm of the landscape. These grounds contain some truly magnificent forest trees of largest growth, which must have been of great size when planted here three hundred years ago. It is a curious conceit of the Japanese to have trees of the largest kind dwarfed and growing in pots like house-plants; and in the feudal times, when the Barons desired groves of mature growth, and were impatient of nature's process, they overcame the difficulty by transplanting trees of immense size, that were nearly full-grown. The grounds are diversified by long stretches of turf, artificial mounds, miniature cascades, and elegant little pavilions. In one of these H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh was received by His Imperial Majesty the Mikado, in 1869. There are also some small lakes, and in two or three places, short courses for exercising horses. The plateau on which these grounds are situated is of vast extent, and was built up in part by artificial means, at immense labour and cost; the object being to furnish a place of resort where the Shogun might be able to indulge in outdoor exercise, as during the reign of the Tokugamas he was seldom permitted to go beyond the precincts of his castle.

Just across the moat from the *Fukiage newa*, and within the north-western limit of the castle circuit, is the new British Legation, comprising a number of plain but very substantial brick buildings, including a residence for the minister, offices, consulate, and commodious dwellings for secretaries, interpreters, guards, etc. The situation is pleasant; the grounds are already well laid out with lawns, walks, mounds, and planted with trees and flowering shrubs of the choicest varieties. The whole compound is surrounded by a low brick wall, and looks like an English town in this Oriental capital. It gives a very distinct impression of the wealth and influence of Great Britain, and does honour to her civil service, which appears to great advantage in the East.

A short distance north of this we come to a place called the *Kudan*—Nine Steps—worthy of notice on account of a Shinto

Temple, the *Shokonsha*—"Spirit-Beckoning Shrine"—which is situated there. This shrine was erected by command of His Majesty the Mikado, to the memory of the soldiers of the Imperial army who fell in the civil war of 1868-9. The Temple is built in the usual style of architecture peculiar to the Shinto system. The form is derived from the primitive hut—the rafters projecting above the top. On the ridge-pole a series of transverse beams are placed, and on the ends of these the crest of the Mikado—an open chrysanthemum flower—in gilt. Like all Shinto temples, it is constructed of beautiful timber, without flaw or defect, and undefiled by paint. The interior is very plain, containing only the usual symbols of the Shinto faith, a mirror, some pieces of straw rope, and strips of white paper. A cheap tapestry carpet, and some very common arm-chairs, found their way into it recently, and seem quite out of harmony with the spirit of the place. In front of this temple is an eliptical race-course, of considerable extent, through the centre of which runs a broad avenue, lined on either side with a row of high stone lanterns. On certain occasions the Mikado comes here to worship his ancestors, and to open the races. The sport continues several days, ostensibly for the entertainment of the spirits of the brave men slain in the civil war, while loyally defending the rights of the Emperor. Libations of native wine and rice are offered to these heroic spirits, who are invited to come and partake and join in the sports of the occasion; hence the name, *Shokonsha.*

Below the *Kudan*, and near the famous gate of the castle called *Hitotsubashi go mon*—after the family name of the last Shogun—is the Imperial University, consisting of three departments—English, French, and German. On the other side of the street is the School of Foreign Languages. Here seven hundred students are taught science, technics, languages, literature, and law, by a large staff of foreign and native instructors. Close by is the Noble's School, a well-appointed, imposing structure, where the children of the nobility are educated in Japanese and western learning.

Rising from the valley in which these institutions of learning are situated, is a rounded hill, of considerable area, but of no great elevation, called *Suruga Dai*, which is in some sense the aristocratic quarter of the city, being occupied by the residences

of nobles, ex-Daimios, and Government officials. On the brow of this hill, commanding a view of nearly the whole city, stands a large white building, three stories high, belonging to the orthodox Church of Russia, commonly called the Greek Church. Some years ago I visited this establishment and called on the missionary, Père Nicholai, then Archimandrite, now Archbishop, of Japan. He received me courteously, was very communicative, and conducted me through his chapel, schoolrooms, library, and the dormitories of the students. I noticed in the chapel two large wax candles in tall silver candlesticks, one on each side of the altar. These are always lit during divine service. On the walls were pictures of the Saviour and chief saints, before which the faithful are accustomed to worship with elaborate genuflexions and many devout utterances. As I looked at these, the Père said to me, "The Protestant Church has done right in putting away graven images, which savour of idolatry, but what objection can any one have to pictures like these, which only serve to quicken devotional feelings in the believing heart?" But surely this is an instance of distinction without a difference. The buildings erected here by Père Nicholai cost over $150,000; and the money seems to have been well laid out. His converts are numbered already by thousands, and through a carefully-trained native agency, carrying on operations in nearly all the great towns and cities of the Empire, they are rapidly increasing, to the great alarm, it is said, of the Government, who look upon this mission as little more than a Russian annexation agency in Japan, while they fear to break with Russia by attempting to put a stop to it.

Beyond the moat, on another eminence, is the Female Normal School, under the patronage of Her Majesty the Empress, who contributed from her private purse the sum of $5,000 towards the erection of the buildings. In October, 1875, she came in person and opened the school, and dedicated it to the education of her sex. My friend, Nakamura Masanawa, my first convert in Tokio, baptized on Christmas Day, 1874, was appointed Superintendent of this school. Through his kindness, myself and family were favoured with complimentary tickets, admitting us to the large hall where the opening ceremony was held. The congratulatory address of Mr. Nakamura was so excellent in its allusion to the past condition of woman in Japan—so free from

unnecessary depreciation or unwarranted satisfaction, and expressed in terms so beautiful and appropriate, that I venture to give it entire:

"We humbly venture to think that the enlightenment of a country depends upon the perfect nature of the regulations of families. Now the perfect nature of household regulations depends upon the integrity of thought, advance of intelligence, and chaste and upright action of women. Our land affords, from olden days down to the present time, numberless instances of virtuous women; but still, if we regard the matter in respect to the whole of our country, it must be admitted that the regulations for the education of women are exceedingly defective. At present, reform in enlightenment is gradually progressing, and it is cause of rejoicing to the myriads of our people that the Tokio Normal School for girls has been established, and that by Her Majesty's attendance to-day the ceremony of opening the school is favourably carried out. Our earnest desire is that those who may in after time complete their education here may become virtuous women, and so assist their husbands; virtuous mothers, and so instruct their children; and that by rearing up a worthy population our country may become a prosperous and tranquil land."

After this the keys were delivered to the principal, who then read an address, and presented the school regulations. Her Majesty, in a clear and pleasant voice, replied:

"Upon hearing last year that this school was about to be established in order to foster the growth of education for girls, I was unable to contain my joy. Its construction has been completed, and the ceremony of its opening has now been performed. My earnest desire is that this school may henceforth be prosperous, and that I may eventually see the beautiful fruit of female education appear in profusion throughout the whole of the land."

Her Majesty inspected the building, the furniture, the students' copy-books, heard several classes go through their ordinary exercises, distributed presents, ordered tea and sweetmeats for the whole company, and then returned to the Palace. This illustrious lady was born in 1850, and married to Mutsu Hito, the present Emperor of Japan, in 1869. She is low in stature, of graceful figure, and pleasant, intellectual countenance. She has

taken a great interest in the welfare of her sex, and set an example to all married women throughout the Empire, in refusing to obey the time-honoured custom of blacking the teeth and shaving off the eye-brows on becoming a wife.

From the girls' Normal School, a walk of half an hour brings us to Uyeno, which is now a beautiful semi-occidental park. There is much to be seen here, but we have not space to describe it, and so hasten half a mile further on, to the district called Asakusa, where stands the Temple of Kuanon, the most popular temple in Tokio, and one of the most renowned in Japan. It is dedicated to *Kuanon Sama*—the Goddess of Mercy. I frequently visited this shrine during my residence in Tokio, and always found it busy, often crowded with worshippers and sight-seers. It is now the best patronized shrine in the capital. The approach to it is through a long paved avenue, lined on both sides with toy-shops and booths, filled with all sorts of gay ornaments, dolls, books, prints, candies, etc. Behind these booths are several small shrines and priests' residences. In front of the main temple stands the *Lammon*—Threefold Gate—a huge structure three stories high, and painted bright red. Two hideous colossal figures, like demons, are placed in great niches, one on either side of the entrance. These are the guardians of the gate. On the railing in front of them are hung scores of straw sandals of every size—some of them large enough to shoe a megatherium—votive offerings of people praying to be prospered in their pilgrimages. Entering the courtyard of the Great Temple, flocks of pigeons are seen. Old women sit at little stalls and offer rice and pease on small earthen dishes, which the people buy and cast as an act of piety to the sacred birds. To the left, in an open stall, is a sacred pony, which is fed in a similar way, by the contributions of the pious.

The temple is about a hundred feet square, with wide projecting porch, and covered with a heavy-tiled roof, ascending in graceful curve to a high, sharp ridge. The gables are ornamented with gilt mythical figures, some of them carved in high relief. The main building stands upon a massive platform, elevated about eight feet above the ground, and wide enough to furnish a broad verandah on all sides, protected by a strong balustrade. A flight of broad wooden steps, covered with plates of copper, leads up to the front entrance. Near the door is a large bronze

incense-burner, always emitting fragrant fumes, and on it are the Chinese signs of the zodiac. The great altar is crowded with gilt images, sitting on golden lotuses, clustering about the great idol, Kuanon Sama. In front of the altar is an immense contribution box, railed over with strong wooden bars, placed wide enough apart to allow the offerings of the worshippers to slip through. The perpetual rain of iron cash on the bars of this treasury, and the ceaseless hum of prayer to the goddess Kuanon, continues daily from morning till night throughout the year. People from all parts of the country come and pay their devotions here—some kneeling, others standing, many dismissing the matter with a low bow and a single sentence, others continuing their supplications earnestly and long. The ceilings and walls of the temple are covered with paintings, sacred and legendary, in which angels, gods, and heroes are represented according to Japanese Buddhistic art. On either side of the altar are stalls at which devout monks carry on a lucrative trade in the sale of amulets, prayer-books, pictures of the gods, etc. Huge painted and gilt-paper lanterns, some of them six feet long, hang from the ceiling, and small shrines to specific gods are set up at intervals in the great hall. The spacious grounds of the temple are filled with cheap theatres, monkey-shows, tea-booths, galleries for the practice of archery, photographers' pavilions, tableaux of wax figures—many of them life-size and well executed—story-tellers, fortune-tellers, acrobats, vendors of patent medicines, and all kinds of trash, museums, and flower-gardens. Every day, when the weather is fine, this place is like a fair, and on festive occasions the crowds are wonderful indeed. The whole scene, as I witnessed it again and again, was fitted to awaken serious reflections as to the power of idolatry and superstition, and the expedients by which these are fostered and sustained, together with the fruit which they bear. They contribute nothing to the support of morality, while they close the intellect and mislead and famish the higher aspirations of the soul.

Within the Castle circuit is the Tokio Bazaar, occupying a number of low straggling buildings, formerly part of a Daimio's Yashiki. Here may be seen specimens of Japanese manufactures, from the rudest and cheapest to the most elegant, elaborate, and costly. These articles are collected from all parts of the

Empire, and are both on exhibition and for sale. Any article can be speedily duplicated by the manufacturer. A few hours in this establishment will do more to inform one as to the variety, beauty, and unique character of Japanese workmanship than days spent in the shops of the cities. Articles of daily use in the houses of the people, woven fabrics, vessels of wood, porcelain, and bronze, articles of luxury and *vertu*, specimens of art and industry—all brought together under one series of roofs, and all to be seen free of charge every day, Sundays excepted, from nine o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon. Above one of the gates is a curious notice in English, forbidding "dogs, lunatics, and intoxicated persons," to enter.

The *Enriyokuwan*—"Palace by the Shore"—is a place of considerable note. It is now fitted up in modern style, and used as a place for giving state dinners and receptions, and entertaining distinguished foreign guests. The tastefully laid out landscape gardens and grounds are rich in forest and floral decorations. The articles contributed by Japan to the Centennial Exhibition in America, were brought together and put on view in the spacious halls of this old palace some time before being sent away. By the kindness of General Saigo, Chief Commissioner to the Centennial, with whom we became acquainted through our friend Nakamura, we were favoured with a sight of this large and valuable collection, representing the art and industry of Japan.

Tsukiji—"Made Land"—is the foreign district. It is situated on the shore just below the delta of the Sumida River. No foreigner is allowed to reside in Tokio outside of Tsukiji, except by special permission. In each open port a small district is ceded to the Treaty Powers, where the subjects of these powers may reside and carry on business and trade. But so far as foreign commercial enterprise in Tokio is concerned, Tsukiji is a failure. The residents are chiefly missionaries, consuls, and a few small shopkeepers. The most notable resident in the district is the Hon. Judge Bingham, American minister to the Court of the Mikado, whose Christian urbanity has endeared him to all who know him, whether native or foreign. The Missionary Society of our Church owns two lots—about three-fourths of an acre—in Tsukiji, very pleasantly situated on the shore, and had we the command of funds for suitable buildings,

it would soon become one of the most eligible mission premises in the City of Tokio.

There are many other points of interest in this flourishing capital, but I cannot dwell upon them now—with a few words on Christian missions I must close. As every society operating in Japan feels entitled to a representation in the capital, there are in Tokio at the present time the agents of twelve societies, British and American, side by side, working in the utmost harmony and good-will, all bent upon the fulfilment of a common purpose—the manifestation of God's saving truth in Christ—to this people that so long have sat "in darkness and in the shadow of death." Statistics made up to the first of January, 1880, show that there were then in Japan nearly three thousand baptized converts. Many of these are preaching the Gospel to their countrymen, and carrying the New Testament, now translated into their native tongue, through the length and breadth of the land. The City of Tokio is honeycombed by Christian work, and great results may be expected within the next few years. The mission of our Church has, besides the property in Tsukiji, two small churches at distant but eligible points in the city, with Sabbath-schools, Society classes, encouraging congregations, and a noble staff of native helpers, some of whom have given themselves wholly to the work of the Lord for the ministry of the Word. If we are faithful in our support of this mission—the only *foreign mission* we have—the time is coming when, with others, our fellow-labourers from many lands, we shall rejoice to see the Sunrise Empire of Japan "a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of our God."

THE TRUE CONQUEROR.

THE fine and noble way to kill a foe
Is not to kill him: you with kindness may
So change him that he shall cease to be so;
And then he's slain. Sigismund used to say
His pardons put his foes to death; for when
He mortified their hate, he killed them then.

—*Aleyn.*

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER XIII.—A HOPE SPRINGS UP.

The early Methodist preachers not only proclaimed their glad evangel in the woods, in the highway, in barns, and wherever an opportunity occurred; they also visited diligently from house to house, seeking by their godly counsel and prayers to deepen the impressions of their public ministry. The house of Colonel Pemberton was not overlooked by either William Losee or Darius Dunham in these visitations. Although the gallant Colonel bore little love to the Methodist itinerants, still his Virginian hospitality and his instincts as a gentleman made him give them a sort of constrained welcome to his house. The Methodist preachers, moreover, felt it their duty to go not merely where they found a cordial reception, but wherever they had an opportunity to speak a word for their Master. They had also additional reasons for visiting the Pemberton Mansion, as from its size it was generally called in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Pemberton, although not a Methodist, was a saintly soul of deep religious experience, and the visits of these godly men, and any tidings they could bring of her wandering boy—exiled from his father's house—was welcome as water to thirsty lips.

Miss Blanche Pemberton, too, the Colonel's only daughter, exerted a powerful attraction over both of these homeless, wandering men. To an exterior of great personal beauty she added a cultivated understanding and a character made up of a strange blending of her father's high spirit and her mother's gentleness of disposition and spirituality of mind. Her baptismal name was certainly a misnomer, for the warm blood of the South mantled in her dusky cheek, and its fires slumbered in her deep dark eyes, making one feel that notwithstanding the seeming languor of her manner, there was in her abundant energy of character if it were only aroused. She possessed a keenness of conception and a readiness of expression, and had enjoyed a range of reading uncommon in that day, that made her company a rich delight to both of these Methodist itinerants. Neither dreamed at the time

of being the rival of the other in seeking the affections of the lady, for neither had a home to offer, and neither thought of asking the delicately nurtured girl to leave her father's comfortable house and share their wanderings in the wilderness.

The exigencies of the itinerancy now sent Losee to a distant part of the Province on the lower St. Lawrence. Mr. Dunham, during his periodical returns to the Heck Settlement, felt the spell of the fair Blanche's attractions, and as often as duty would permit, sought her society. The young lady, too, found in his presence and conversation a pleasure different from any experienced in the rustic community of the neighbourhood. Elder Dunham, a man of very superior parts, and of a natural eloquence of expression, had cultivated his powers by a considerable amount of reading, and by extensive travel and intercourse with many minds of different walks and ranks of life. Humanity, after all, is the grandest book. "The proper study of mankind is man," and no study will so cultivate one's powers and increase one's efficiency as a leader and teacher of his fellow-men.

The habit of introspection and self-examination of the early Methodists soon revealed to Elder Dunham the true state of his feelings towards the fair Blanche Pemberton. Like an honourable man, he at once declared his sentiments to her parents. From her mother he received, if not encouragement, at least tacit approval.

"I would never attempt to coerce my daughter's affections," she said, for she was not without a vein of tender romance in her gentle nature. "Her heart is a woman's kingdom, which she must rule for herself. Her all of happiness for time and often for eternity is at stake, and she must decide for herself."

"'Tis all I wish, my dear madam," said the preacher with effusion; and then with that proud humility which every true man feels in comparison with the woman whom he loves, he went on, "I know I am unworthy of her, and have nothing to offer for the priceless gift of her love but a heart that will never fail in its devotion."

"No woman can have more," said this wise mother, "and I desire for her no greater happiness than the love of a true and loyal heart."

From the father, however, the preacher met a very different reception.

"What! was it not enough to steal from me my son, without

trying to take my daughter also? No, sir, I will *not* give my consent, and I forbid the girl thinking of such a thing, or indeed, seeing you at all unless you give your word of honour that you will not broach such a preposterous idea."

Now, no man likes to have the homage of his heart treated as a preposterous idea. Nevertheless, Elder Dunham, with an effort, restrained his feelings and calmly answered:

"I can give no such promise, sir; and I tell you frankly, I shall feel at perfect liberty to win your daughter's heart and hand if I can."

"What! will you beard me to my very face?" exclaimed the choleric old gentleman. "I'll keep the girl under lock and key, if necessary, to prevent her linking her fortunes with a wandering circuit rider, without house or home."

"God will provide us both in His own good time," said the preacher, devoutly; "and consider, sir, you may be frustrating your daughter's happiness as well as mine."

"Blanche has too much of her father's spirit," said the old man haughtily, "to degrade herself—excuse me, sir—to degrade herself to such a lackland marriage."

"Miss Pemberton will never do aught that will misbecome her father's daughter; of that you may be sure," said the preacher, with a hectic spot burning in his cheek, and bowing stiffly he left the house.

Elder Dunham was not the man to give up his quest for such a repulse as this, especially with such an object in view. Nevertheless, he was considerably embarrassed. His sense of personal dignity and propriety would not allow him to enter a house in which such words had been addressed him as those which fell, like molten lead as it seemed, from the lips of the angry Colonel. He was a man of too high honour to attempt a clandestine intercourse or even interview. What should he do? He did not wish to make Blanche's mother a mediatrix against her husband's wishes. Yet it was at least right that Blanche should know definitely his feelings, of which he had not previously ventured to speak to her. He determined to write a full, frank letter, avowing his love, recounting her father's objections to his suit, and expressing his confidence that God would give His smile and blessing to their union in His own good time.

"I do not ask you for an answer now," the letter ended. "Wait,

reflect, ask guidance from on high. The way will open if it be God's will, and I feel sure it is. I will have patience; I have faith."

This letter he enclosed, unsealed, in a note to her mother, requesting her to read it and then hand it to her daughter.

This letter, without opening it, Mrs. Pemberton handed to Blanche, saying: "Daughter, if this be, as I suspect, the offer of a good man's love, take counsel of God and of your own heart, and may both guide you aright."

In less than an hour Blanche came out of her little private room with a new light in her eyes, and a nobler bearing in her gait. *Incedit regina*—she walked a queen, crowned with the noblest wreath that woman's brow can wear—the love and homage of a true-hearted man.

"Mother, I have loved him long," she said, and she flung herself upon that tender bosom which all her life long had throbbed only with truest, fondest mother love.

"God bless you, my darling," whispered the mother through her tears, as she fervently kissed her daughter's forehead, and pressed her to her heart.

Few words were spoken; nor was there need. There is a silence more eloquent than speech. Their spirits were in full accord, and never was the sympathy between their hearts so strong, so full and free as when—her nature deepening well-like, clear—the daughter sat at her mother's feet, no longer a light-hearted girl, "in maiden meditation, fancy free," but a woman dowered with life's richest gift—the love of a true and loyal heart. Happy mother! happy child! who each in such an hour enjoy the fullest confidence and sympathy of the other.

"Well, what answer shall I send?" asked the mother with a smile.

"Only this," said Blanche, handing her mother her Bible—a dainty volume bound in purple velvet, with golden clasps—a birth-day present from her mother in the happy days before the cruel war. "Only this. He will understand. We must wait till God shall open our way."

"Be brave, my child; be patient, be true, and all will be well."

Although Elder Dunham had not asked an answer, and hardly expected one, yet he paced up and down, in no small perturbation, the little room in the hospitable home of Paul and Barbara Heck

which they designated "the prophet's chamber," and which was set apart for the use of the travelling preacher. He tried to read, he tried to write, but in vain; he could fix his mind on nothing, and his nervous agitation found relief only in a hurried and impatient pacing up and down the floor.

"What is the matter with the preacher to-day, I wonder?" said Dame Barbara to goodman Paul. "He never went on like that afore."

"He has som'mat on his mind, you may be sure. Perhaps he's making up his sermon. A rare good one it will be, I doubt not," said Paul.

"I hope he is not ill, poor man. I noticed he looked pale when he came in," replied Dame Barbara.

If she could have seen him a few minutes later, as he opened the small package brought him by a messenger from the Pemberton farm, she would have been relieved of all anxiety as to his well-being of body or of mind. As he unfolded the dainty parcel, he observed a leaf turned and the Bible opened of itself at the Book of Ruth. A special mark on the margin called his attention to the 16th and 17th verses of the first chapter. Not a written line but those pencil marks with the initials "B. P." made him the happiest of men as he read the touching declaration: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." He raised the sweet words to his lips, then pressed the book to his heart, and said with all the solemnity of an oath—"The Lord do so to me, and more also, if I be not worthy of such love."

CHAPTER XIV.—A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

The call of duty summoned the zealous itinerant to the furthest end of his vast circuit. But as he rode through the miry forest trail—marked out by the "blaze" upon the trunks of the trees—he felt no sense of loneliness, for a fair presence seemed ever to brighten his path, and a soft voice seemed ever to whisper in his ear, "Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge." He cherished the sweet thought in his soul, and was inspired thereby to loftier faith, and grander courage, and sub-

limer patience, and intenser zeal. And he had need of all. For weary weeks he received no sign nor token, no word of communication from the object of his heart's devotion. When he preached at "The Settlement," every member of the squire's household was conspicuously absent except the faithful blacks, who, though the slaves of an earthly master, rejoiced in the liberty wherewith Christ makes His own people free.

"The squire takes on powerful bad about his son joining the Methodists," said goodman Paul Heck one day. "He kind o' spites me, too, for lending him the colt. But right is right, and if it was to do I'd do it again."

"He need not be so bitter," said Dame Barbara. "He won't even let his wife or daughter attend the preaching any more. He minds me of those that shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, who neither go in themselves nor suffer them that are entering to go in. What can he expect for hardening his heart against God but a judgment like that which befell Pharaoh?"

And before long an affliction which the pious Barbara recognized as a "judgment" did befall the proud Colonel, which humbled his stubborn heart beneath the mighty hand of God. One day late in November he was with his hired men rafting timber down the river for a barn which he proposed framing during the winter. By an inadvertence of the man who was steering, the raft was driven by the rapid current upon a sunken rock and knocked to pieces. It was near the shore, so they all got safe to land without much trouble; but the immersion in the cold water, after having been over-heated by exercise, brought on a severe attack of rheumatism which at length assumed a typhoid type. The old gentleman was at first very irascible under the excruciating agonies which racked his frame. But the patient and loving attentions of his wife and daughter, who ministered like angels beside his couch of pain, seemed to work a wondrous change in his nature.

"You make me ashamed of myself, my patient Grisilda," he said one day to his wife, who watched with unwearied love the long night through beside him. "I am a great fretful baby, yet you nurse me as tenderly as a mother her first-born."

"You are more than a first-born to me," she said, laying her hand in a soft caress upon his brow. He caught her hand and

pressed it to his feverish lips, and she felt a hot tear of compunction fall upon it.

"I've used you shamefully," he said. "Will you forgive me? And I hope God will forgive me too. You shall worship Him as you please henceforth."

The faithful soul rejoiced with a great joy, remembering the words, "For what knowest thou, O wife! whether thou shalt save thy husband?" and said softly, "Let us worship Him together, my beloved;" and kneeling by his side she lifted up her heart and voice in fervent, tremulous prayer to God. Her husband's hand lay like a benediction on her brow, and their spirits drew closer together than at any time since her first-born son—her beloved Reginald—had been driven from his father's house.

The next day, as Blanche sat by her father's side, he said abruptly: "Blanche, send for your brother."

"Oh, father! you are so good, so kind!" she cried, as she flung her arms around his neck, "I will send this very day, but it may be a week before he can come."

"I'm not good, child, nor kind, but, God helping me, I'll try to be so," faltered the old man as with feeble hand he caressed her brow.

That night a joyful surprise awaited them all. The early nightfall came dark and cloudy; the wind moaned through the surrounding forest, and whined like a houseless hound about the door. The rain fell in pattering gusts against the window panes. The fire flashed and flickered and roared up the chimney throat. A wistful look was in the dark eyes of the sick man, which seemed all the darker by contrast with his pallid brow and snowy hair; and the moan and roar of the wind over the chimney-top seemed to trouble his mind. Was he thinking of his wandering boy whom he had driven into the stormy world from the shelter of his father's house? Suddenly there was a quick yelp, as of recognition, of the house dog, and a stamping of feet in the outer porch. Blanche sprang to the door and flung it wide open, and there, with the rain dripping from his great frieze coat, stood the object of his father's anxious thoughts, and of his mother's constant prayers. Flinging aside his coat, after a hurried embrace of his mother and sister, he threw himself on his knees at his father's bedside, exclaiming in a voice shaken by emotion:

"Father, I couldn't stay when I heard you were ill. Take off my sentence of banishment. Let me come back to help nurse you,"

and he gazed eagerly and with a look of intensest affection in his father's face.

"Welcome, my son, thrice welcome to your father's house and to your father's heart. Forgive me, as I trust God has forgiven me. My cup of joy is full. I am happier, with all these pains, than I ever was in my life."

And very happy they all were, as the flames leaped and roared up the wide-throated chimney as if in sympathetic joy. In the few months of his absence Reginald seemed to have changed from a boy to a man. A stamp of deeper thought was on his face, a deeper tone was in his voice, a graver air marked his mien. And as he sat between his mother and sister in the glancing firelight he exhibited a chivalrous tenderness to the one and a fond affection for the other that brightened into manly beauty his weather-bronzed countenance.

"Thank God," said the Colonel devoutly, "for the affliction that makes us once more a united family. He has dealt with me in mercy, not in anger, and the chastenings of His hand are blessings in disguise."

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE! 'tis often heard,
And yet how hard to say it!
O think what bitter sighs have stirred
Lips that reluctant framed the word,
And how will love delay it.

Good-bye! this life of ours
Hath never bliss unbroken;
A shade to haunt its happiest hours,
A coming foot to crush its flowers,
The word which must be spoken.

Good-bye! sweet wish that springs
From pain of those who sever;
May God be with you! ah, there clings
Around the flower the footstep wrings
Its richest fragrance ever.

GREAT REFORMERS.

*WILLIAM TYNDALE.**

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

In the history of the English Bible there is no name occupies a more honoured place than that of William Tyndale. No man has so imperishably left his impress on that book as he. The authorized version of the present day, with its majestic rhythm, its subtle harmony, its well of English undefiled, is substantially that which Tyndale gave the English-speaking race. No revision of the text can ever change its grand basic character. "Those words which we repeat as the holiest of all words," says a recent biographer of the great translator; "those words which are the first that the opening intellect of the child receives with wondering faith from the lips of its mother, which are the last that tremble on the lips of the dying as he commends his soul to God, are the words in which Tyndale gave to his countrymen the Book of Life." The service which Tyndale thus rendered that wondrous instrument of thought, the English tongue, is akin in its far-reaching influence to that of even Shakespeare himself.

This being the case, it is strange that so little is known of the facts of Tyndale's life, or of the factors which contributed to mould his character. Even the place and date of his birth are not certainly known. According to tradition, he was born in the county of Gloucester, in the flat and fertile region through which winds the sluggish Severn. The family, however, are said to have come from the North during the Wars of the Roses, and to have taken their name from the lovely Tyne valley in which, from time immemorial, their ancestors dwelt. The only kinsmen of whom any record is known are a brother John, who became a London merchant of some repute, and another named Edward, a country gentleman, who basked in the light of Court favour at the very time that his martyr brother was done to death by Court hatred and intrigue.

* The authorities for this sketch are Anderson's Annals of the English Bible, Moulton's English Bible, De Maus' Life of Tyndale, Foxe's Martyrs, and an anonymous "Lives of English Reformers."

The family must have been of good social standing and of considerable means, for at an early age the future scholar and translator was sent to Oxford to receive the best training that the kingdom could afford. He was enrolled as a student at Magdalen Hall, one of the oldest and one of the most picturesquely beautiful of that city of colleges. Often must he have paced those quaintly carved cloisters, or wandered, deep in thought, through the leafy arcades which skirt the classic Isis. In the great oaken dining-hall, among portraits of the distinguished scholars and divines of Magdalen College, still looks down the grave countenance of William Tyndale, the most illustrious of them all.

Among the great spirits at this time at that focus of intellectual life were Erasmus, the acute and learned Dutchman; More, the future Lord Chancellor of England; and Collet, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, whose lectures on the New Testament were so full of religious fire and force that he incurred the suspicion and narrowly escaped the penalty of heresy. Tyndale seems to have shared the zeal in the study of the Scriptures of Collet, for he soon became distinguished for special progress in that sacred lore. He probably shared also his religious convictions, for we read that he "privily read some parcel of divinity to certain students and fellows of Magdalen College." He incurred thereby the suspicion of the authorities, and consulted his safety by retiring to the sister University of Cambridge. Here he enjoyed, there is reason to believe, the instruction of Erasmus, the most brilliant Greek scholar in Europe. At all events, he acquired a familiar and accurate acquaintance with the language of the New Testament, which enabled him afterwards to render its nervous force into the vernacular speech of his fellow-countrymen. Here also he made the acquaintance of that Thomas Bilney who was destined, like himself, to glorify God amid the flames. The fellow-students little thought, as they paced together the quadrangles of their college, that through the same fiery door of martyrdom they should pass to the skies.

At Cambridge Tyndale received his academic degrees and entered on the sacred calling which had long been the object of his life. On leaving the University he assumed the duties of a tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh, a Gloucestershire baronet. The position of a tutor or chaplain in the country house of the period

was often very humiliating. "The coarse and ignorant squire," says Macaulay, "who thought it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity and economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or of a groom. He was permitted to dine with the family, but he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and carrots, but as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from the greater part of which he had been excluded."

It seems certain, however, that the position of Tyndale was much more honourable than that here described, for we read that so greatly were his abilities respected that he went on preaching excursions throughout the neighbouring villages, and even to the great city of Bristol. At the table of his patron, who dispensed an open-handed hospitality, he met the neighbouring squires and clergy. The great religious questions which were agitating the nation of course were warmly discussed, and the Cambridge scholar, fresh from the University, was more than a match in argument for the country clergy, whose learning had become rusty by disuse. The advanced opinions of the young tutor soon provoked the suspicion and dislike of the dry-as-dust divines of the old school, and even called forth the remonstrance of Lady Walsh, his patron's wife. "Why," she expostulated, "one of these doctors may dis-spend one hundred pounds, another two hundred, another three hundred; and what! were it reason, think you, that we should believe you, a tutor with ten pounds a year, before them?"

Tyndale, however, would not submit to this commercial rating of his opinions, and translated "The Enchiridion Militis Christiani," or "Manual of a Christian Soldier" of Erasmus, in support of his conflict with the "hundred pound doctors" of Little Sodbury. These gentlemen resenting their refutation, accused, after the manner of the age, the obnoxious tutor of heresy. He

was summoned before the Chancellor of the diocese, who, "after rating him like a dog, dismissed him uncondemned."

These discussions confirmed the future Reformer in his growing convictions of the errors of Rome. The entire Papal system seemed to him honeycombed with fraud. He broached his doubts to an aged priest whose sincerity and piety invited his confidence. "Do you not know," replied his friend, "that the pope is the very Antichrist of whom the Scripture speaketh?" "The thought," says Tyndale's biographer, "shot through his mind like a flash of lightning across a midnight sky. From that day the great object of his life was to prove to his countrymen that the pope was indeed Antichrist." That they might learn the true character of primitive Christianity, and thus realize how great were the corruptions of Rome, he felt that they must first have access to the Word of God in their own mother tongue. And to give them that access became thenceforth his ruling purpose. "If God spare my life," he exclaimed to a learned antagonist, "ere many years I will cause the boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do."

For the furtherance of his great design he proceeded to London, to seek the patronage of Tunstal, the learned, and reputed liberal, bishop of that city. As a credential of his scholarship, and a passport, as he hoped, to episcopal favour, he translated into nervous English one of the orations of Isocrates. But the learned prelate had little liking or leisure for the succour of poor scholars; and Tyndale's reception at Lambeth Palace was marked by chilling reserve. "There was no room in my lord's house," he somewhat bitterly remarks, "for translating the Bible, but much room for good cheer"—for the bishop's dinners were famous for their profusion and elegance.

In his chagrin and disappointment he sought solace, like a wise man, in active Christian work. While preaching in one of the city churches, he attracted the attention of Humphrey Monmouth, a wealthy merchant, who invited him to his own house, became his patron and friend, and provided the "sodden meat, single small beer, and humble apparel which were all," as he himself tells us, "that a good priest required." The London Mæcenas had a mind enlarged by travel and enriched by observation and thought. He had seen at Jerusalem and Rome the corruptions and superstitions that spring up at the very centres and sacred

places of the Christian faith, and was prepared to sympathize with the general movement toward reform of the Church throughout Europe. Monmouth advised his friend to seek in the free cities of Holland and Germany those facilities for the prosecution of his life purpose which he could not find in his native land. He therefore embraced a self-imposed exile from that England which he loved so well. As the Dutch vessel in which he took pasage to Hamburg dropped down the Thames, and he took his last look of the grim old Tower, the fort at Tilbury, and the green familiar hills, did a prescience that he should never see them more cross his mind? Yet so it was. There remained for him but twelve years more of life—in exile, in toil and travel, in bonds and imprisonment—and then, through the sharp swift pangs of martyrdom, he entered on his endless and exceeding great reward.

From Hamburg Tyndale proceeded to Wittemburg, to seek the counsel and assistance of the illustrious father of the Reformation, who was himself engaged in translating the Word of God into the Teutonic tongue. Under this inspiration he toiled diligently, and "without being holp with English of any that had interpreted the Scripture beforetime," he assures us, he endeavoured, "singly and faithfully, so far forth as God gave him the gift of knowledge, to give his countrymen a true and honest translation of the Word of Life in their native tongue."

With money furnished by Monmouth he proceeded to Cologne, to pass his translation through the press. The greatest secrecy was observed; but, unfortunately, the suspicions of a Romish priest were aroused. Having plied the printers with wine, he elicited the important secret that an English New Testament was then in the press. The meddling priest informed the ecclesiastical authorities, who promptly procured an interdict of the work. Deeply chagrined at this interruption of his project, Tyndale sailed up the castled Rhine to Worms, doubtless more anxious about the safety of his precious MSS. than observant of the beauties of the storied stream. In the old Rhenish city, in which the excitement of the famous Diet which forms the epoch of the Reformation had scarce subsided, he completed, by the aid of Peter Schoeffer, the son of Schoeffer who is claimed as the inventor of the art of printing, an octavo edition of the New Testament. It was a notable fact that in this now decayed old city, where

Luther confronted all the powers of the papacy, was printed the first English New Testament, the great instrument in the conversion of a kingdom, and the grand charter of English liberties.* In spite of the utmost endeavour of the English Customs authorities to exclude the "pernicious poison," the obnoxious book found entrance to the kingdom. Through lonely outports, or by bold adventurers on harbourless and unguarded coasts, or concealed in consignments of merchandise, copies of the precious book reached the hands of Lollard merchants and were distributed by friends of the Reform, disguised as chapmen or pedlars, throughout the kingdom. By royal proclamation the book was denounced, and ordered to be burned. The bishops eagerly searched out and bought or confiscated every copy they could find, and great bonfires of the Word of God blazed at St. Paul's Cross, where Tunstal publicly denounced its alleged errors. Still the people were hungry for the bread of life, and the bishop's money, contributed for its extirpation, served but to print new editions of the condemned book.

Tyndale was compelled to retire from Worms to the secluded city of Marburg, where he improved his translation and wrote those works on practical religion and those scathing exposures of the frauds and errors of Rome which so greatly aided the Reformation in England. His treatise on "Obedience" set forth with vigorous eloquence the mutual duties of sovereign and subject, clergy and people. Sir Thomas More, the college companion of Tyndale, dipped his pen in gall to denounce "this malicious book, wherein," he asserts, "the writer sheweth himself so puffed up with the poison of pride, malice, and envy, that it is more than a marvel that the skin can hold together." The King himself, however, was of a different opinion; for finding a copy of the book which the hapless Anne Boleyn had carefully read and marked "with her nail" on the margin, he said, "This is a book for me and all kings to read."

Tyndale now proceeded to Antwerp, whose busy wharves and warehouses and marts were the great centre of trade with England, to buy type and procure money for a new and improved

* The only copy of this extant is in the Baptist College at Bristol. "I have translated, brethern and susters moost dere, and tenderly beloved in Christ," says the prologue, "the Newe Testament for youre spirituall edyfyinge, consolasion and solace."

edition of the Scriptures. By a strange coincidence—or was it not rather a providence ?—that Bishop Tunstal who had refused his aid to the translator in London, was now in Antwerp trying to buy up the stock of Bibles for his bonfires before they should be scattered through the country. And an old chronicle records that through his agent, Packington, Tyndale sold a quantity of books to this episcopal merchant, whose money enabled the almost penniless exile to flood the country with his new edition.* The merchant Packington is said to have consoled the bishop, in his chagrin and anger, by advising him to buy up the printing presses if he would make sure of stopping the work. Thus does God make even the wrath of man to praise him.

In 1531 Tyndale removed to Antwerp, as that great commercial centre offered better facilities for the printing and introduction into England of the Word of God. We like to think of the zealous Reformer as threading the narrow and winding streets of the quaint old Flemish city, visiting its Guild-houses and Exchange, pausing in the Cathedral square to gaze at the exquisite tracery of the fretted stone spire, or to listen to the wondrous music of its sweet, wild chimes ; or, as he paced through its solemn aisles, to feel his soul grow sad within him as he beheld the rank superstition and almost idolatry of the people.

After the fall of Wolsey, Henry VIII. invited Tyndale to return to England; but unwilling to exchange the liberties secured to him by the privileges of the free city of Antwerp, for the uncertain protection of a King's favour, he declined. He felt keenly the trials which he enumerates—"his poverty, his exile out of his natural country, his bitter absence from his friends, his hunger, his thirst and cold, the great danger wherewith he was everywhere compassed, the innummerable hard and sharp fightings which he endured." Yet he was willing to endure any suffering, any bonds and imprisonment, nay, even death itself, so that the Word of God were not bound. "I assure you," he solemnly declared, "if it would stand with the King's most gracious pleasure to grant only a bare text of the Scripture to be put forth among his people, be it the translation of what person soever shall please

* In this edition were given several wood-cuts and a short comment on the text generally, calling attention to the errors of Rome ; as when on the words, "None shall appear before me empty," Tyndale satirically remarks, "This is a good text for the pope."

his Majesty, I shall immediately make promise never to write more, nor abide two days in these parts after the same, but immediately to repair unto his realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal majesty, offering my body to suffer what pains or tortures, yea, what death his grace will, so that this be obtained."

The following year his faithful friend and co-labourer, John Fryth, who was his own son in the Gospel, ventured over to England; but he was speedily entangled in a disputation on the sacraments, and was condemned to be burned. He refused to escape when an opportunity was given him by sympathizing friends, lest he should "run from his God and from the testimony of His holy Word—worthy then of a thousand hells." While in Newgate prison, in a dismal dungeon, laden with bolts and fetters, and his neck made fast to a post with a collar of iron, he spent his last days writing, by the light of a candle which was necessary even at midday, his dying testimony to the truth. So, "with a cheerful and merry countenance, he went to his death, spending his time with godly and pleasant communications." As he was bound to the stake in that Smithfield market, which is one of the most sacred places on English soil, Dr. Cook, a London priest, "admonished the people that they should in nowise pray for him—no more than they would do for a dog." At these words, Fryth, smiling amid the pangs of martyrdom, desired the Lord to forgive them, and passed from the curse and condemnation of men to the joy and benediction of Christ.

Tyndale wrote to his friend in prison words of comfort and exhortation: "Be of good courage, and comfort your soul with the hope of your high reward, and follow the example of all your other dear brethren which chose to suffer in hope of a better resurrection." He was soon himself to follow the same glorious path to immortality. His last work was the complete revision of his former translation of the whole Scriptures, leaving it as the most precious legacy ever given to the English-speaking race.*

At length the machinations of his enemies triumphed. He lodged at the house of Thomas Poyntz, a relative of his former friend,

* The title of this edition reads thus: "The Newe Testament dylygently corrected and compared with the Greke by Willyam Tindale and fynisshed in the yere of our Lorde God A.M.D. & XXXIIII. in the moneth of November."

Lady Walsh. Here he was safe; but through the wiles of an English priest he was induced to leave his only shelter. He was immediately seized by Flemish officers and hurried to the neighbouring Castle of Vilvorde, the "Bastile of the Low Countries." He experienced in all its bitterness "the law's delay." For eighteen weary months the process of his trial lingered. His controversial works had to be translated into Latin, that the learned doctors of Louvain might find therein ground for his condemnation. Meanwhile the destined martyr languished in his noisome dungeon. In a letter still extant he complains of "its cold and damp, of the tedious winter nights which he had to spend alone in the dark, and he entreats his keeper to send him warmer clothing, to allow him the use of a candle, and, above all, to grant him the use of his Hebrew Bible and Dictionary, that he might prosecute the work for which he felt that but few days remained." He translated a great part of the Old Testament, which was afterwards incorporated in his edition of the Bible. So exemplary was his prison life, that it is recorded that he converted his keeper, his keeper's daughter, and others of his household.

On the 6th of October, 1536, being then in the fifty-second year of his age, Tyndale was led forth from his dungeon to his death. Having been bound to the stake, he cried aloud as the last utterance of his steadfast and loyal patriotism and zeal for the Word of God, "O Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" He was then strangled, and his body burned to ashes. No monument marks the spot; but his perpetual memorial—the grandest that man ever had—is the first printed Bible in the English tongue.

Tyndale's dying prayer was soon answered in the sense of the King's sanctioning the circulation of the Word of God. The very year of his martyrdom, the first Bible ever printed on English ground, the translation of Miles Coverdale, was published by the King's special license. The year following, Tyndale's own translation, the basis of every subsequent version, was published by royal authority and placed in the parish churches throughout the realm, so that all who would might read. Never again could the Word of God be bound or sealed from the reading of the English people.

Tyndale's portrait, as preserved for us at Magdalen College,

reveals a grave-faced man with broad high brow seamed with thought, clear calm eyes as of one who walked in the vision of spiritual realities, and a grey and pointed beard. He wears a scholastic robe, a SS. collar, and a black skull cap. He describes himself as "ill-favoured in this world, and without grace in the sight of men, speechless and rude, dull and slow-witted, weary in body but not faint in soul." Yet to him was vouchsafed to do a grander work for England and the English-speaking race than any man who ever lived. Of his marvellous translation Mr. Froude thus speaks: "The peculiar genius which breathes through it—the mingled tenderness and majesty—the Saxon simplicity—the preternatural grandeur—unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars—all bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndale. Lying, while engaged in that great office, under the shadow of death, the sword above his head and ready at any moment to fall, he worked under circumstances alone perhaps truly worthy of the task which was laid upon him—his spirit, as it were divorced from the world, moved in a purer element than common air."

BYRON.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

PROUD genius of the storm, from Jura's crest
Thy thoughts, like light'ning, smite the darkness through
Only to show how deep its blackest hue!
Thou hast no living light within thy breast,
No home thoughts in those solitudes unblest;
Why strike with fiery wing our heaven of blue
When only storm and darkness can ensue?
Lone friendless one, hast thou no place of rest?
Better, with lowly Philomel at eve,
To trill the deep'ning shadows into song
Than lift through echoes that the hills might weave
An eagle's note the list'ning stars among.
Rage seized thy passions in their dewy morn,
And seared them all to hatred or to scorn.

HAMILTON, *Ont.*

THE HIGHER LIFE.

He Cleanses Me.

How my spirit yearns to rest,
Blessed Saviour, on Thy breast;
Gaze with rapture on Thy face,
Dwell within Thy fond embrace.
Precious Jesus, take me in,
Cleanse me now from every sin.

O, how dark this world beneath!
Sadder than the haunts of death;
Colder than the winter's frosts,
Rougher than on ocean tossed.
Precious Jesus, take me in,
Cleanse me now from every sin.

As the Hebrews sought a home,
Journeyed through the desert lone,
Pressed with joy through Jordan's tide,
Entered Canaan to abide;
Precious Jesus, take me in,
Cleanse me now from every sin.

Yes, my soul shall rest in Thee,
From all sin and sorrow free.
O! I feel the blood applied,
Now He hides me in His side;
Praise the Lord, He takes me in,
Now He cleanses every sin.

—*William Codville.*

The Imitation of Christ.

It is reported in the Bohemian story that St. Wenceslas, their King, one winter night, going to his devotions in a remote church, barefooted in the snow and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant, Podavivus, who waited upon his master's piety and attempted to imitate his affections, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the King commanded him to follow him and set his feet in the same footsteps which his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and either fancied a cure or found one; for he followed his prince, helped forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps for him in the snow. In the same manner does the

blessed Jesus; for, since our way is troublesome, obscure, full of objection and danger, apt to be mistaken and to affright our industry, he commands us to mark his footsteps, to tread where his feet have stood, and not only invites us forward by the argument of his example, but he hath trodden down much of the difficulty, and made the way easier and fit for our feet. For he knows our infirmities, and himself hath felt their experience in all things out in the neighbourhoods of sin; and therefore he hath proportioned a way and a path to our strength and capacities, and, like Jacob, both marched softly and in evenness with the children and the cattle to entertain us by the comforts of his company and the influences of a perpetual guide.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Christ our Model.

How many times have we all noticed in the great galleries of Europe, students at work before the masterpieces of art? With careful pencil they are seeking to transfer to their canvas matchless creations of genius. Some of these copyists, by continuous and consecrated effort, have made their names celebrated. At first the copy was rude and bald, inadequate to give the least conception of the painting; but afterward, so thoroughly had they studied the thoughts of the artist, and possessed themselves somewhat of his spirit, that their fingers have proved deft to imitate his incomparable execution.

The great Master has left us in His life the model which His followers are to contemplate and reproduce. His self-traced portrait, with unfaded colours and clearly-defined outline, hangs in these galleries of the Gospels. Though, like the youthful art student, we, in our early Christian life, may make many sad failures in our most honest efforts to realize the Christ-likeness, yet patient, earnest application, under the guidance of the great Spirit Teacher, shall qualify each one to attain unto more and more perfectness as "a man in Christ." I love to think of that life as being reproduced in ten thousand times ten thousand lives. It will need the great multitude before the throne, each individual in his own peculiar way manifesting his conception of the Lord, to tell out the great fulness it hath pleased the Father should in Him dwell. But as we study, much that is dark in Christ becomes night to us. Is it a foolish fancy that

has passed through my mind? I have thought of our souls as the prepared paper of the photographer, and of his life as the negative, on which the picture has been painted. Under the influence of that negative, in which much is shadowy and dark, we are placed, and the great Sun of Truth traces on us light where there was darkness in Christ, and dark only where there was light in Him. His sorrow causes our joy, his pain our rest, his suffering our gladness and peace.—*S. H. Tyng, Jr.*

Sitting Down with Jesus.

"Command the multitude to sit down." They do so, in long lines, upon the verdant grass. He takes the five loaves and the two fishes out of the rustic lad's basket, and begins to distribute. The meagre provision grows, and grows, until not only are all the thousands abundantly fed, but there is a surplus of broken food to fill a dozen baskets.

There is something akin to this in our spiritual experiences. We often worry, like the disciples, about the best means of feeding our own souls, or of bringing the gospel bread to needy souls around us. We invent new methods; we try all manner of devices; we get up "attractions" in the sanctuary and the Sabbath-school; we go into all sorts of "villages to buy." O, if we would only sit down with Jesus and accept what He bestows, with His rich blessing on it! O, if congregations would only sit and receive the gospel of life from their own Shepherd, and *pray* over it and *practice* it! If teachers would only aim more to keep their classes sitting quietly at the feet of Jesus, to take in His truth, and to think about it! The transcendent truth of the new birth was revealed to Nicodemus when he sat as an inquirer at the Saviour's feet. The woman of Sychar found the well of salvation only by waiting to be taught by the Great Teacher. The most zealous worker needs to have instruction, prayer, reflection, and heart converse with God, or else he will become superficial and shallow. Like Mary, he must sit down with Jesus, and gain deep views of Jesus and himself.

In our hours of sorrow, the one place for consolation is at the feet of Jesus. On that bosom the beloved disciple leaned. There is also room for us. Where the afflicted sisters of Bethany sat, we may sit down too, and hear the heavenly voice, "I am the resurrection and the life." "Lord, abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—*T. L. Cuyler.*

Soul-Quiet.

In this age of intense mental activity, we are in great danger of losing that holy tranquillity of soul, that abiding restfulness in the inmost recesses of our being. What is this blessed stillness? It is not idleness or carnal sloth. It is not indifference. It is not inactivity. It is a state of *rest in God*, of being filled with a peace that passeth all understanding. It is to cease from self—self-energy, self-will, self-seeking, self-consciousness. It is what the old writers meant by *recollectedness*, an abiding sense of the Divine Presence. "Recollection," said Cecil, "is the means by which God Himself becomes the mainspring of all our actions, the inspiring element of our lives." God deals with us as we deal with our children. The first thing to get the wayward, thoughtless child to do, is to *listen*. You call the little thing to your feet; you simply say, "Now, *be quiet;* listen to me for a moment." To how many an anxious worker is He saying to-day, "Be *still*, and know that I am God." "In *quietness* and in confidence shall be your strength."—*Rev. E. H. Hopkins, in "The Life of Faith."*

Secret of a True Life.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, gives in one of his letters an account of a saintly sister. For twenty years, through some disease, she was confined to a kind of crib: never once could she change her posture for all that time. "And yet," says Dr. Arnold, and I think his words are very beautiful, "I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and love, and of a sound mind. Intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness; a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child; but of herself—save as regarded her improving in all goodness—wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's glorious work. May God grant

that I might come but within one hundred degrees of her place in glory!"

Such a life was true and beautiful. But the radiance of such a life never cheered this world by chance. A sunny patience, a bright-hearted self-forgetfulness, a sweet and winning interest in the little things of family intercourse, the divine lustre of a Christian peace, are not fortuitous weeds carelessly flowering out of the life garden. It is the *internal* which makes the external. It is the force residing in the atoms which shapes the pyramid. It is the beautiful soul within which forms the crystal of the beautiful life without. There are exquisite shells within the sea—the shell of the nautilus, many-chambered, softly-curved, pearl-adorned, glowing with imprisoned rainbows. There are ugly shells within the sea—rude, dirt-coloured, unsightly clam-shells. But the shells are as the fishes within. So life will be what we make it—nautilus-shell or clam-shell. If we would have our life true and beautiful, then we must *be* true and beautiful. There is no other secret. How can we be thus? There is a Scripture that answers the question: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—*Dr. Wayland Hoyt.*

Living Testimony.

"The Christian is the world's Bible," said Dr. Christlieb, "and many people will read no other." Shall they find there, then, *only* admonitions and strict rules of right and wrong, and not also the riches of consolation, the treasures of grace? Shall they see your joy fade out in the day of trial, and the promises turn to leaves in the trembling of your hand? You may honour Christ in the darkness as never in the light, and sometimes to die is the greatest work for Jesus that a man can do. Do not imagine that no suffering is borne for Christ, save that which is ended by the fire or the sword. What are these daily thorn-pricks which make your life so sore? these acrid drops which come dripping down into every cup—privation, loneliness, disease, unkindness—making your life bitter? Let them make your life sweet. You are among thieves, and their blows are many; but the Lord's oil and wine give instant help. Bear all things for him. Glorify the Lord, even in these household fires, which

often burn very deep. Let others see how patient you can be with your hand in his; how cheerful, walking in the light of his face; how glad, with your eyes upon the eternal shore. Let them catch the living fragrance of the cordial of his love as you taste it day by day. Let them know that Christ has overcome the world, and through Him you. Live as those who "seek a country," and are not to be discomfited by the roughness of the way; as those who "wait for their Lord," and know that He will come. Live for Christ, and let every minute of the day praise him.—*Anna Warner.*

Obedience—Peace.

True peace of mind does not depend, as some seem to suppose, on the external incidents of riches and poverty, of health and sickness, of friendship and enmities. It has no necessary dependence upon society or seclusion, upon dwelling in cities or in the desert, upon the possession of temporal power or a condition of temporal insignificance and weakness. "The kingdom of God is within you." Let the heart be right, let it be fully with the will of God, and we shall be entirely contented with those circumstances in which Providence has seen fit to place us, however unpropitious they may be in a worldly point of view. He who gains the victory over himself, gains the victory over all his enemies.

Some persons think of obedience as if it were nothing else, and could be nothing else, than servitude. And it must be admitted that constrained obedience is so. He who obeys by compulsion, and not freely, wears a chain upon his spirit which continually frets and torments, while it confines him. But this is not Christian obedience. To obey with the whole heart—in other words, to obey as Christ would have us—is essentially the same as to be perfectly resigned to the will of God, having no will but his. And he must have strange notions of the interior and purified life, who supposes that the obedience which revolves constantly and joyfully within the limits of the divine will partakes of the nature of servitude. On the contrary, true obedience, that which has its seat in the affections, and which flows out like the gushing of water, may be said in a very important sense to possess, not only the nature, but the very essence of freedom.—*T. C. Upham.*

PRAYER-MEETING THOUGHTS.

—When God's flail of adversity is upon us, we should not be like the chaff which flies into the face of the thresher, but like the grain which lies at his feet.

—So easy, so natural, so prompt are the decisions of the sanctified soul on all moral and religious subjects, that it seems to reach its conclusions *intuitively.*

—There is no day so delightful as the day that is useful; and no week is likely to pass so serenely as the week whose first day was doubly hallowed by devotion and beneficence.

—To walk with God is to walk in the light—the light of His truth, the light of His countenance. The twilight by which we are often surrounded keeps us in ignorance of our true condition.

—Divine wrath is intense opposition of good against bad, of right against wrong, of holiness against depravity. It exists most intensely in the most holy nature, and, therefore, most perfectly in the heart of God.—*Whedon.*

—"Sufficient to the day (said Christ) is the evil thereof;" sufficient but not intolerable. But if we look abroad and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

—The course of the river is often broken by sudden rapids or perilous eddies. The life of the Christian is not one perpetual flow of buoyant melody. It has its breaks, its discords, its attritions. Like the river, its course is often fretted by the eddies of trouble or disturbed by the sand-bars of defeat.—*Interior.*

—It is not for God's pleasure, but for our profit, that He afflicts us. At such seasons, prayer is like an arrow that pierces the dark clouds of affliction, and makes them break with blessings on the Christian's head; but the arrow will fall to the ground unless the bow is strong, and bent in dependence on the Holy Spirit.

—O weak, distrustful human nature! Why will ye not believe that "all things work together for good to them that love

God?" Why will ye not recognize in every event—whether great or small—the special providence of your Heavenly Father? And why will ye not ever trust Him? This do, and ye shall find in God's providences fewer of judgments and more of mercies.—*Melbourne.*

—The will of God is the ultimate and only rule of action. God manifests His will in various ways. The will of God may in some cases be ascertained by the operations of the human mind, especially when under a religious or gracious guidance. *But He reveals His will chiefly in His written word.* And nothing can be declared to be the will of God which is at variance with His written or revealed will, which may also be called His *positive* will.—*Fenelon.*

—Whenever I meet with the will of God, I feel that I meet with God; whenever I respect and love the will of God, I feel that I respect and love God; whenever I unite with the will of God, I feel that I unite with God; so that practically and religiously, although I am aware that a difference can be made philosophically, God and the will of God are to me the same. He who is in perfect harmony with the *will* of God, is as much in harmony with God Himself as it is possible for any being to be. The very name of God's will fills me with joy.—*Madame Guyon.*

—In reference to happiness, a man only has what he can use. If he possesses a thousand pounds which he cannot use, it matters not as to the benefit he derives from it, whether it be in his coffer, or in the bowels of the earth. When his wants are supplied, all that remains is his only to keep or to give away, but not to enjoy. What is more than serviceable is superfluous and needless, and the man is only rich in fancy. Nature is satisfied with little; it is vanity, it is avarice, luxury, independence—it is the god of this world that urges us to demand more.—*Wm. Jay.*

—Satan is continually suggesting doubts to the Christian in a hundred forms. Doubts as to the care of God; doubts as to His guiding providence; doubts as to His actual, personal presence with His children; doubts even as to the salvation promised in Christ Jesus. But surely one single assurance from His blessed word ought to be sufficient to silence for us all such questions.

Hath He promised, and shall He not make it good? He is the God of truth; He cannot lie. But some one has truly said, "It is astonishing how much more ready some of us are to believe the father of lies than to believe our Father in heaven."

—Precious friend and unchangeable priest is Christ—sweeter to you than honey and the honeycomb. How great is the goodness He hath *laid up* for them that fear Him! Just as the miser lays up his money, that he may feast his eyes upon it, so Christ has laid up unsearchable riches, that He may supply all our need out of them. Unfathomable oceans of grace are in Christ for you. Dive and dive again, you will never come to the bottom of these depths. How many millions of dazzling pearls and gems are at this moment hid in the deep recesses of the ocean caves! But there are unsearchable riches in Christ. Seek more of them. The Lord enrich you with them!—*M'Cheyne.*

—How very much the power of the minister's preaching depends on the preparation of the hearer's heart. If you come up to the church with your minds crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity, what can ministers do? They can do nothing but beat the air. What else can they do if there be nothing before them but air to beat at? It will make a sound, and that is all. I fear that many of my dear people spend more time on the Sabbath morning in putting veils on their faces than in taking the veil off their hearts—more time in trying to make themselves appear before men what they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

—No man needs to complain of want of power or opportunities for religious perfections. A devout woman in her closet, praying with much zeal and affection for the conversion of souls, is in the same order to a "shining like the stars in glory" as he who, by excellent discourses, puts it into a more forward disposition to be actually performed. Many times God is present in the still voice and private retirements of a quiet religion, and the constant spiritualities of an ordinary life; when the loud and impetuous winds, and the shining fires of more laborious and expensive actions, are profitable to others only, like a tree of balsam, distilling precious liquors for others, not for its own use.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

—Beloved by Divine love, the mysterious past is made to glow with the glory of God; its light is like a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. Once when we looked back into the past we saw the blackness of our guilt and the hole of the pit whence we were digged; but now we behold a silver stream of mercy flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb, and we track it to the eternal purpose of love and the covenant of grace. Gaze as you can into light ineffable, but even with the eye of faith all that you can discern in the ages which are passed is this word, which hath a splendour about it beyond compare—the word "love." In eternity the Lord loved us. Oh, how free is this! How much we owe for it! The past is bright with love, with love most free.—*Spurgeon.*

—"The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life"—quickening and continually life-giving words. We want to be permeated with them; we want them to dwell in us richly, to be the inspiration of our whole lives, the very music of our spirits, whose melodious overflow may be glory to God and good-will to man. Jesus Himself has given us this quick and powerful word of God, and our responsibility is tremendous. He has told us distinctly what to do as to it; He has said, "Search!" Now, are we substituting a word of our own, and merely *reading* them? He did not say, "Read them," but "Search," and it is a most serious thought for many a comfortable daily *reader* of the Bible that, if they are *only* reading and not searching, they are distinctly living in disobedience to one of his plainest commands. What wonder if they do not "grow thereby!"

'Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours:
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we—
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

INTERLEAVINGS FROM MY HYMN-BOOK.

BY GERVAS HOLMES, ESQ.

Hymn 59.

"Thou God of glorious majesty," etc.

This grand, solemn, meditative ode was first published by the Rev. Charles Wesley, in 1749, as No. 7 in the first volume of his "Hymns and Sacred Poems," printed by Felix Farley, of Bristol. It was originally entitled "An Hymn for Seriousness." It is the plaint of an earnest soul newly awakened to a profound sense of the extreme shortness of life as compared with the boundless expanse of eternity, and the greatness of the work to be accomplished in preparing for the never-ending existence beyond the brief present.

There is an old and well-supported Methodist tradition that it was written shortly after a visit to the Land's End, Cornwall, in the month of July, 1743. Indeed, many Cornish Methodists insist that it was composed on the Land's End itself. Mr. Stevenson* tells us the tradition "is given by Dr. A. Clarke in a MS. letter before the writer without doubt or hesitation. Dr. Clarke knew Charles Wesley personally, and the letter containing the tradition was written on the 'narrow neck of land' itself and finished at 'the first inn in England,' situated near the Land's End. Mr. Thomas Taylor, a Methodist preacher, who visited the Land's End in 1761, records, 'Here Mr. Charles Wesley wrote "Lo! on a narrow neck of land," etc.'"

I may add that the letter referred to, or at least that portion of it giving the tradition in connection with the writer's visit to the Land's End, may be found in the Supplement to the Rev. Dr. Etheridge's admirable Life of Dr. Adam Clarke. The letter is dated "October 11, 1819."

Dr. Clarke intimates that the second verse was composed on the extreme point of the Land's End, where it is diminished to a space about three feet across. I remember the place and the scene well, having once beheld them in company with my beloved father, who has long ago crossed over *his* "point of time" to his heavenly resting-place somewhere in the mysterious ocean of unknown eternity. It was a calm, clear day, and the blue waters shone in the distance like a polished shield; and yet, immediately beneath the long, lofty, rugged promontory of granite on which we cautiously trod, the ever-restless waters were chafing and toiling with hoarse murmurs, as they ceaselessly lashed the stern, weather-beaten rock. It is the meeting-place of at least two powerful currents whose turbulence is apparently increased by a low natural passage running completely through the promontory at a very short distance from the extremity. Through this natural perforation the mighty waters are ever pouring backwards and forwards, with hoarse resonance, their yeast-crowned waves. It is, in short, one of those scenes which, once beheld, indelibly photograph themselves upon a sensitive mind and can never be forgotten. I have no doubt that we have in the lines

> "Lo! on a narrow neck of land
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,"

a mental reflection of this scene; notwithstanding the objection made by the late Rev. Thomas Jackson that we have "no proof of it." It is true that a written record is wanting. The entry in the poet's journal is simply:

"I walked with our brother Shepherd to the Land's End, and sang on the extreme point of the rocks,

> "Come, Divine Immanuel, come
> Take possession of Thy home," etc.

The six verses sung are given in

* "Methodist Hymn-Book and its Associations."

full, but there is nothing more—not the slightest reference to the scenery or its suggestions. But the negative testimony of this meagre entry no more disproves the truth of the tradition than it evinces a lack of appreciation of the sublime prospect; while it certainly confirms the fact that the writer was out "on the extreme point of the rocks"—the very spot which so impressively suggests the idea of the extreme brevity of the present, "suspended," as Chateaubriand has it, "between the past and the future."* Mr. Charles Wesley's entries in his journal were usually very brief, and they were rarely of a subjective or meditative character. He was at this time fully occupied with his evangelistic work, and, like St. Paul and his illustrious brother, "in journeys often." It is not therefore at all surprising that he should omit to record either his impressions of the scene or its esoteric teachings. But the value of the testimony of oral tradition is not dependent upon the support of written evidence. If corroborated by circumstances, and undeniable, it is as trustworthy as written records, which may be as false as any merely oral testimony. To judge corectly in the present case, we have but to consider that we have before us three facts: 1. The contemporary record of a visit by Charles Wesley to the Land's End; 2. The publication of the hymn, with the peculiar descriptive imagery in the second verse within six years afterwards; 3. The existence of an oral tradition, traceable up to a date within a few years of the publication of the hymn, distinctly connecting its composition with the visit to the spot so strikingly imaged out in it by the poet.

To my own mind the truth of the tradition is sufficiently manifest. It is just one of those cases concerning which Professor Blackie has well said that "The oral tradition of a whole people, confirmed as it often (and in the case before us certainly) is by existing circumstances, may be of such a nature that no person can possibly believe it to be a lie."* It is not necessary to believe, as some good reverent, simple-hearted persons in Cornwall do, that Mr. Charles Wesley composed the hymn, or even a single verse of it, on the point itself, in the very words in which we have it before us to-day, though nothing is more probable than that the first lines of the second verse should, then and there, have rushed into his mind. Oral tradition is, from its very nature, inexact, and all that is claimed for it is substantial truthfulness—faithfulness to the main fact, the central idea, which, in this case, is the existence of such a connection between the visit and the hymn, that without the former the latter had not been.

It is curiously interesting to note, in Moore's "Lalla Rookh," a passage which seems an expansion of the couplet

> "Lo! on a narrow neck of land
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,"

causing some natural curiosity to know whether the lines of Wesley had ever come under his notice, and left their echo in his heart. Moore's lines run thus:

> "Who that surveys this span of earth we press,
> This spot of life in Time's great wilderness,
> *This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,*
> *The past, the future, two eternities!*
> Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
> When he might build him a proud temple there."

On the other hand, we have in the fourth line of the same verse that which seems an echo or adaptation of a verse of Pope's in his "Essay on Man," where (Ep. I. l. 72) we find:

> "His time a moment, and a point his space."†

* The passage is such a striking parallel to the verse of Charles Wesley, that I subjoin it here in full:

"L'homme est suspendu dans le present, entre le passe et l'avenir, comme sur un rocher entre deux gouffres, derriere lui, devant lui, tout est tenebres; a peine apercoit-il quelques fantomes qui, remontant du fond deux abimes, surnagent un instant a leur surface, et s'y-replongent."—*Genie du Christianisme, tom. i. p. 159.*

* Homeric Dissertations.

† Cf. also the striking lines of Wordsworth:

"Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence."

Pope's death took place in 1744, the year after Mr. Charles Wesley's visit to the Land's End. There can be no doubt that Wesley was well acquainted with his writings.

Ver 3.—"*Brink of fate.*" I recognise in this expression a continuation of the figure of a narrow strip of land as an emblem of the brevity of the present life, enhanced by the representation of a person just aroused from sleep on the edge, and (with the Land's End in view as the concrete) let me say the precipitous edge of the narrow promontory, whence a fall would, of necessity, be *fatal.* But the earnest prayer of this and the following verses already supposes the waking to a trembling consciousness of the imminent danger, and the hope of sensible security in *right-wise* action.

The choice of the word *fate* was, no doubt, mainly decided by the exigency of the rhyme, and yet the use of it here as a synonym for death is in peculiar harmony with the imagery of the verse, and singularly happy in its conveyance of the double lesson, that death is an inevitable necessity since God has *spoken* (*fatum*—from *fari*, to speak) this primitive decree which has passed upon all men; and that by death the final condition of each and every human being is irrevocably settled; it seals to each his self-wrought FATE.

"O that each in the day Of Christ's coming may say,
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."

COBOURG, *Ont.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

AN OLD FILE OF THE GUARDIAN.

We had occasion recently to make some researches in an old file of the *Guardian*, and found our explorations so interesting that we wish to share the pleasure with the present generation of readers of that veteran journal, which with ever-increasing vigour still "guards" the interests of our Church and of religion.

The first number we could find was the third of its issue, dated Saturday Dec. 5, 1829. It was published "for the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada," edited by E. Ryerson and J. Metcalf, and printed by W. G. Coates, March Street, York. It was an eight-page paper with three columns on each page—about one-fourth its present size. From the very beginning it took an advanced stand on the subject of Missions, public education, and the rights of the people. It was, indeed, from the circumstances of the times, strongly political, and fought brave battles for popular liberty and civil rights. From the advertising pages we learn that stages left for Kingston on Monday and Thursday, and made the journey in three days. The fare was £2 10s. By the steamer "Sir James Kempt," 341 tons, the fare to Prescott was £2 10s. and to Niagara 10s. Labourers were required for the construction of the Welland Canal, to whom $13 a month was offered.

In a short time the size of the paper was enlarged to four pages about the present size, having six columns each page. The subscription price was 12s. 6d. a year in advance, 17s. 6d. if paid at the end of the year. Postage was 4s. extra. The editor, Rev. E. Ryerson, complains that the postage on a single letter from London was 3s. 9d. The whole of the *Guardian* for August 9th, 1834, was in mourning for the death of King William IV., of "blessed and immortal memory," which had taken place on June 20, just fifty days before. The particulars of the royal funeral and of the accession of Queen Victoria are given from the London *Watchman.* On the 23rd of April, 1838, however, is announced the arrival at New

York of the *Sirius* and *Great Western*, the first trans-Atlantic steamers, "after the extraordinary passage of only seventeen and fourteen days respectively."

In those days the newly-established Upper Canada Academy, now Victoria University, was attracting much attention and was the occasion of much correspondence, including that between the Earl of Ripon, Lord Glenelg, and E. Ryerson on the subject. One fractious individual, by disturbing a Methodist meeting, had made himself amenable to the law, but was allowed to escape on condition of subscribing $6 to the Academy. The Clergy Reserve Bill, which dragged its weary length for so many years, was also before the country, and was the subject of many vigorous editorials and communications. The *Guardian* threw itself earnestly into the Temperance reform, then attracting much attention. The foundation of the Upper Canada Anti-Slavery Society, 1834, is also noted, and the local meeting of the Bible Society. The stations of the ministers for that year were just sixty-five in number, and filled about half a column of the paper. The names of W. L. Mackenzie, Sir F. B. Head, and the political events of 1837-38 received much attention, including the stirring affair of the burning of the *Caroline*.

The contributed articles were of a somewhat ponderous character, indicating the solid thinking of the day, on such subjects as theology, the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul, the obligation of the Sabbath, dialogues on eloquence, and similar subjects. Many of the articles were decidedly controversial, and the zealous polemics of the day had a fashion of using Greek or Latin signatures of formidable appearance and sound. Among others we note the following: Veri Amator, Affabilitas, Philologus, Verus, Fabricius, Musa, Lambda, Alpha, Epsilon, and the like. Parliamentary debates were very fully reported, sometimes by the editor and sometimes by his assistant, S. Junkin.

The Rev. John Ryerson was Book Steward, and a goodly supply of Methodist works, including Clark's and Benson's commentaries, the standard biographies, and books on practical religion are announced. The dyspeptics and invalids of the period were informed of the merits of the celebrated Life Pills and Phœnix Bitters. Among the familiar names that occur are those of A. Green, Jonathan Scott, J. Douse, T. Musgrove, J. Stinson, J. Carroll, V. B. Howard and others of the early Methodist brotherhood, a few of whom still linger, like the prophet's two or three berries upon the uttermost boughs, but the most of whom have been garnered into the everlasting harvest. There is something quite pathetic in turning these faded and time-stained pages, written by hands which have almost all long mouldered into dust. These old volumes are a whispering gallery of the past, full of echoes and suggestions of the stormy strifes and strenuous struggles of other years, by which our liberties were won and our present privileges secured. They did their work bravely and well, those grand old veterans. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. Be it ours in like manner to serve our day and generation, with the same holy zeal, the same singleness of soul, the same lofty faith, in the hope of the same glorious reward.

Another thought these pages, which seem still to palpitate with the eager activities, the busy thoughts, the agitations and the controversies of the past, suggest is the great and influential part borne by the Methodist Church and its missionaries and ministers, and by the old *Guardian*, in guiding the public opinion, and moulding the institutions, and promoting the prosperity of this land in which we live. We know of none more potent. Behind and above the parliamentary debates and the policies of politicians was the firm will and aroused conscience of the people, which, educated and enlightened by those Christian agencies, demanded and obtained the reform of abuses of the past and the granting of the privileges which we to-day enjoy. It must be a peculiar pleasure

to the first editor of the grand old *Guardian* to know that those ends for which he so strenuously struggled through years of obloquy and opposition, now command the approval even of those by whom they were opposed. It is, we think, an almost unique circumstance in this or any other land, that the first editor of a journal having passed its fiftieth year has been spared to write in his green old age a vigorous editorial in its jubilee volume.

The Presbyterian General Council.

In view of the approaching Œcumenical Conference of the Methodist Churches of Christendom, the General Council of our Presbyterian brethren at Philadelphia is of much interest. From the nature of the proceedings at the gathering we may augur the importance of the similar representative meeting of Methodism in the old mother church in City Road. A friendly suggestion has been made that a fraternal deputation should be sent from the Presbyterian Council to the Methodist gathering. We are sure it would be right cordially received. Anything that would bring into closer fellowship these two great divisions of Christ's militant host should have the sympathy of all who feel how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. May we not anticipate a time when a general gathering of representatives from all the Protestant Churches of Christendom—a true Œcumenical Council, breathing peace and good-will—not like the late prelatical assembly held in St. Peter's, hurling its curses and anathemas at all who dissent from its dogmas—shall gather, say, in the historic old Jerusalem chamber of Westminster Abbey? Could not such an assembly speak with an impressive voice to the kings and governments of the earth, in the words of the Master: "Put up thy sword in its sheath," and speed the coming of the day when nations shall learn war no more? The building up in all lands of Christ's kingdom, the kingdom of peace and righteousness, will more and more break down Satan's kingdom of strife and ill-will, and render possible the glorious day foretold by prophet and seer, when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdom of our God and His Christ, and He shall reign forever.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

British Conference.—The public examination of candidates for ordination was held in three different places of worship. There were fifty-two candidates in all who related an account of their conversion and call to the ministry. The ordination service was one of unusual solemnity, The charge was delivered by the ex-President, Rev. B. Gregory. It was afterwards printed, and will repay perusal not only by young ministers, but also those who have long been watchmen on the walls of Zion.

The solemn question "Who have died?" excited, as well it might, peculiar emotion. The number called to their reward was not so great as in some years, but the list contained names which were extensively known far beyond the limits of the Wesleyan denomination, and will long remain as household words in Methodism. Among others may be mentioned Revs. John Ratten-

bury, John Bedford, Dr. Cather, John Clulow, John Hall, all of whom had been distinguished for peculiar gifts which made them conspicuous among their brethren.

Forty ministers were compelled, by reason of the failure of their health, to retire from the "active work." With the majority, doubtless their work is done. Some of them, as Dr. Jobson, Thornley Smith, J. Ryan, and others, had travelled more than forty years.

There is, however, no lack of candidates for the ministry. Eighty-nine were recommended by the several district meetings. Of these, four had withdrawn, 31 were declined, and 54 were accepted. Twelve signified their willingness to go abroad. The majority were appointed to the Theological Institution, before entering upon the duties of circuits.

The four colleges have on average 200 young men preparing for the ministry. About 70 are required every year to fill vacancies in the ministry.

Rev. J. S. Banks was appointed to the chair of Theology, vacated by Mr. Coley; Rev. F. W. Macdonald, to the same chair at the new Institution, Birmingham; and the Rev. M. Randles, the successor of Dr. Osborn at Richmond. The new appointments give general satisfaction. All the gentlemen are men of sterling worth. The visit of Mr. Macdonald to Canada during the present year will be remembered with pleasure. Mr. Banks delivered the Fernley Lecture at the Conference; and Mr. Randles is well read, especially in Theology, and is the author of a book on Future Punishment.

Rev. T. Woolmer was appointed successor, as he had been assistant, to Dr. Jobson during the past year. From the report of the Book Room we learn that 234,468 copies of the new Hymn Book had been sold; 14,588 of the Tune Book; 298,000 of the new Sunday-school Hymn Book. There was a circulation monthly of 11,000 of the Magazine, 17,000 of the Miscellany, 43,000 of the Sunday-school Magazine, and 32,000 of Our Boys and Girls, making the total number of publications of the Book Room 1,764,000. The trade is $12,500 more than the year preceding. The following grants were made from the profits: Annuitant and Auxiliary Funds (both for the benefit of superannuated ministers), $17,000; Home Missions, $2,500; the work in Ireland, $1,500.

There being a decrease of 934 in the number of members, there was, as might be expected, a lengthened conversation on the state of the work of God both in the Ministerial and Representative Conference. It is quite clear that attendance at class-meeting as a test of membership is the occasion of many not being recognised as members who are otherwise entitled to that privilege. More than 5,000 members had died; and while 43,000 had been received as new members, but 23,780 had ceased to meet in class. There had, however, been received on trial no less than 64,295, so that if all these could be retained in the Church there would not be such a serious declension next year. One minister recommended the more frequent holding of society meetings. It was believed that the depression of trade had largely contributed to the decrease. Many poor people had ceased to meet in class in consequence of not being able to contribute their class-pence and ticket money. All insisted upon the preaching of the blessing of entire holiness, while Dr. Osborn entreated the ministers to look more closely after the young people, and attend constantly to pastoral visitation. It was gratifying to hear how the laymen pleaded for the class-meeting. Some of them were leaders of four classes.

To the delight of the Conference, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon made it a visit, and delivered an earnest and powerful address, to which Drs. Osborn and Punshon replied. Rev. W. Booth, the Commander of the Salvation Army, was also among the visitors of the Conference, and delivered a thoroughly earnest address. "The Army" is truly accomplishing great things for Christ.

The President delivered an appropriate address to the laity in attend-

ance at Conference. The amount promised to the Thanksgiving Fund is nearly $1,500,000, but the Conference resolved to bring the amount up to $2,225,000. The whole is needed for the extinction of the debts on various funds, and the sustenance of other important projects which are contemplated.

The Home Mission Committee is actively pushing forward evangelistic movements. Lay Missions are vigorously sustained in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other places; while the funds for the extension of Methodism in villages, and the erection of churches in London, and the Chapel Fund, are all munificently sustained. In ten years 29 new churches had been built in the metropolis, each to seat 1,000 persons, 13 new sites had been secured, and 17 more are being negotiated for, so that 51 enterprises have been undertaken. Sir Francis Lycett, who has already largely contributed to the metropolitan church enterprises, proposes to give $25,000 additional next year. The Chapel Committee report the erection of 101 chapels, and other expenditure to the amount of $1,268,000. A good report for a year of depression of trade.

Missions have ever been the glory of Methodism. The debt which has so long burdened the Society is now removed, and if the ordinary income could be increased, new missions would soon be established. Hyderabad, in India, has been entered, where there are 11,000,000 of people. This is entirely new ground, which has never been occupied by any Missionary Society. It is the hot-bed of the Moslem fanaticism.

The meeting in connection with the Conference for the Recognition of Returned Missionaries was one of the most interesting ever held. There were seventeen honoured brethren who had published the glad tidings of salvation in the West Indies, South and West Africa, Ceylon, China, and Spain. Some of them were completely exhausted and could not return to the foreign field; but ten of them will return, one of whom, Rev. Mr. Godman, has been in Africa thirty-seven years. Rev. F. W. Macdonald's account of his visit to America greatly delighted the Conference.

Primitive Methodist Conference.

This Conference was held at Grimsby, Lincolnshire, and was attended by 180 ministers and laymen. Rev. C. C. McKechnie, Editor, was elected President. The statistics were not altogether satisfactory. There is a decrease of 186 members, though about 3,000 deaths were reported. There is an increase of four ministers, twenty-eight Sabbath-schools, and 7,845 scholars. 38,774 are enrolled in Bands of Hope, and 7,782 are met in Catechumen classes. Forty-five new churches were reported, costing more than ten millions of dollars, more than half of which had been paid. The Connexion bestows much pains on its educational institutions, of which there are five, two exclusively for ministerial candidates. The profits of the Book Room exceed $15,000.

The religious services of the Conference included early preaching every morning, Missionary, Temperance, and Sunday-school gatherings, and a meeting for the promotion of holiness. On the Sabbath a grand field-meeting was held, at which twenty-four sermons were preached, and several lovefeasts were held in the evening.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The late General Conference created five new missions on the frontier—one is the West Nebraska. It has a territory as large as the entire State of New York, and a population of about 40,000. Quite a number of towns are springing up along the Union Pacific Railroad. Among the people there is a religious element which is principally Methodistic. There are several good and true men labouring here, and the outlook is encouraging.

Chaplain McCabe is calling for one hundred persons to give $250 each to the Board of Church Extension. Thirty have responded. These amounts will erect a church each

upon the frontiers. About the same number of congregations have raised $250 each. Two thousand persons have pledged $10 a year each until 400 churches shall be erected in the territories. The Board of Church Extension has aided thus far 2,875 in all parts of the Republic. Before the close of the year it will number 3,000 on its list.

Evangelistic Movements.

An Australian exchange states: "No revival work in Australia ever left such permanent results as that of 'California Taylor.' Not a few of his converts fill our pulpits to-day; scores of them are among our best and most faithful laymen, and hundreds in every colony who were brought to God under his preaching, and to whose imagination and memory his face is as fresh and vivid as ever, will welcome him as they would few other men."

Revs. J. S. Inskip, W. Macdonald, and J. A. Wood, in their tour around the world, remained in London for two weeks, and held three services daily in Surrey Chapel, which is occupied by the Primitive Methodists. The *Methodist Recorder* says: "We believe God has given these brethren a work to do among us, and would urge our friends to hear them."

Mr. Moody recently spent a Sabbath at Saratoga and held four services, which were attended by about 5,000 people. He is preparing to hold special services at Washington.

Dr. Gordon says of the revival in Boston, in connection with the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, that he knew personally of fifty men redeemed from sin and intemperance, twenty-seven of whom were in his Church. In regard to the expense connected with building the Tabernacle, to which some objected, one of the converts had since given $50,000 for the advancement of the Gospel, and another had given as much more.

Mr. Moody has established a seminary at Northfield, Mass., for the training of girls for missionary, benevolent, and educational work; he has now fifty women under instruction.

The *Methodist*, of New York, contains the following seasonable remarks: "The great camps, such as Round Lake, Ocean Grove, and Chautauqua, will welcome immense throngs. A hundred old and new camps of less fame will be frequented by multitudes. It is worth considering whether the old-fashioned camp-meeting might not profitably take the lead this year—a camp-meeting for the salvation of souls. The recreation idea has been a little overdone. Nothing rests people so much as converting grace."

Methodist Church of Canada.

Dr. Sutherland's letters in the *Christian Guardian*, on his trip to the North-West, contain much valuable information. He will soon be home, inspired, we are sure, with fresh missionary zeal.

Eighteen months ago there was scarce a white man west of Pembina River, now there are hundreds, many of whom were Methodists in Ontario and other parts of Canada.

Since our last issue Revs. J. Sanderson, T. Ogden, superannuated ministers, and E. Battell, student at Victoria College, have passed on before. As these notes were being prepared, news reached us that J. B. Morrow, Esq., of Halifax, N. S., who was a member of the last General Conference, has also joined the great majority. A further notice of his life and death will appear in our next number.

Items.

Rev. Thomas Neilson, for thirteen years missionary in the New Hebrides, says that recently he sat at the communion table with a brave, noble, consistent Christian, who, as a lad, had joined in the cannibal feast on the body of John Williams, the first missionary to Erromanga. On a day which Neilson spent on that island, a deputation of native Christians went to a heathen district to try to induce the people to accept Christianity, and the leader of that Christian deputa-

tion was the son of Kowloul, the murderer of John Williams.

The wonderful Protestant movement in France is partly explained by the fact that about 100,000 of those who renounced Romanism were soldiers, and were driven into Switzerland during the war, and there they studied the Bible and Protestantism.

A few months ago a remarkable revival of religion began among the people of Norfolk Island, through the instrumentality of a Christian sailor, landed there from an American whaling ship on account of serious illness. The work was still going on at the time of the latest advices from that remote region.

A whole village in South Africa is reported to have cast away its idols and professed Christianity, from reading a single Gospel and a few tracts left there by a travelling merchant.

The translation of the New Testament into Japanese has been completed. The event was celebrated by a public meeting at the capital.

When the first Protestant Church in Japan was started, the first $1,000 toward its erection was sent by Christian converts of the Hawaiian Islands. Now more than 25,000 native communicants are reported in the Japanese Mission churches. That is suggestive.

The Karens of Burmah raised last year for mission work upward of $31,000, and expect to raise more than $25,000 the current year. Native Christians on the islands of New Hebrides recently shipped to London some 3,700 pounds of arrowroot to pay for an edition of the Old Testament now being printed in their native tongue.

Three young men from Japan, students of Indiana Asbury University, have just been licensed to preach, and will return to their native country on the completion of their education, and devote their lives to the work of preaching the Gospel and teaching. It is said that they are first-class students, and their future promises much for the Church in their native country.

Among the statistics of work accomplished by Foreign Missions during the past century are these: converts from heathenism, 1,500,000; languages into which the Bible has been translated, 226; copies of the Bible circulated, 158,000,000; barbarous tongues endowed with a grammar and literature, 70.

During the past year, what is known as the Protestant Bible car has made the tour of Italy, from Genoa down the shore of the Mediterranean to Naples; and crossing the peninsula, thence to Lucca, Ancona, and back. A large number of Bibles and Testaments have been sold, and many people, it is said, have listened to the Scriptures from the car.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Honourable Judge Wilmot: A Biographical Sketch. By Rev. J. LATHERN. Halifax: Wesleyan Conference Office. 12mo, pp. 133.

One of the noblest characters in colonial annals is that of the late Judge Wilmot. As a statesman, a patriot, and a Christian, he was a man of shining mark. No history of his native country can be complete which does not devote a large space to his work and influence. It was therefore especially beseeming that on his removal from the busy stage on which he has played so grand a part, the story of his life should be recorded and its lessons gathered up as a permanent legacy for his Church and country. He has been fortunate in finding a biographer with such wise appreciation of his character, and such ability in its delineation. Mr. Lathern brings to his task admirable qualifi-

cations therefor— an intimate acquaintance for years with the public and private life of the subject of his sketch, and a graphic skill for painting his pen portrait. So many-sided was this life, through so many channels did it pour its influence, that it it is only by looking at it from various aspects, and tracing these various channels, that one gets an adequate idea of its grand symmetry and multifarious activity. Mr. Lathern has therefore adopted the lucid plan of devoting a chapter to each of these aspects and developments, as follows :—Personal Narrative, Professional Distinction, Political Life, The Bench, Lieutenant-Governor, Conversational Charms, Christian Life, Esteem for the Word of God, Church Erection, Choir Service, The Sunday School, Sunset. To those who knew the deceased, this volume will be an affecting memorial. To many who knew him not, it will be, we trust, an inspiration to make, like him, their lives sublime. We hope to have, from the pen of his early pastor, the Rev. Dr. Wood, a fuller sketch of this noble life. The Rev. D. Currie gives an admirable introduction, and the book is accompanied by an almost speaking likeness by the artotype process.

The Science of Life; or, Animal and Vegetable Biology. By the Rev. J. H. WYTHE, A.M., M.D. Cr. 8vo, pp. 295. New York : Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $1.50.

We know of no study more fascinating than that of the Science of Life. No subject is coming, year by year, into greater prominence. It discusses some of the profoundest problems in the universe, having the most intimate relations to religion and theology. Nothing so cultivates the seeing eye, the observing mind. It unfolds to the reader a wonder-world all around him, the examination of which is a perpetual delight. This book is thoroughly scientific. It is also thoroughly devout. It gives the latest discoveries and classification, but it does not accept the unproved assumptions of Spencer and Huxley. We know of no book covering so fully so wide a range in the same space. The numerous illustrations—there are 172—are admirable in execution and of great value in the elucidation of the text. The book has been adopted as one of the course of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle—an evidence of its high character. Any one who masters it will have truer and nobler conceptions of the world in which we live, and of its vast and varied range of animal and vegetable life, and will be led to exclaim with a profounder appreciation, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works : in wisdom hast thou made them all."

Gilbert Haven : a Monograph. By the Rev. E. WENTWORTH, D.D. New York : Phillips & Hunt. pp. 42, with steel portrait. Price 25 cents.

The late Bishop Haven was one of the most remarkable men of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Into few lives have been crowded such versatile and multifarious activities. Into the great enterprises and philanthropies of the Church he threw himself with intense energy. As teacher, as preacher, as editor, as bishop, his life was full and rounded. There must have been a strange personal magnetism about the man, and even his books make you feel that you are talking with a friend. He early became the champion of the slave and the oppressed, and in their service he may be said to have died ; for while on a missionary visit to Africa he received the malarial contagion which, aggravated by service in the South, resulted in his death. Dr. Wentworth pays the tribute of a life-long friend and fellow-labourer to his memory. It is a small book, but gives a vivid picture of the man. His death was one of the grandest of which we ever read. "Stand by the coloured man when I am gone," he said ; then, "There is no death. There is no river. I am surrounded by angels. I am floating away—away. Victory through the blood of the Lamb."

The American Newspaper Directory. New York: G. P. Rowell & Co. 8vo. pp. 1044.

This bulky book is a phenomenon in its way. It purports to give accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada, with an estimate of their circulation. An edition of 10,250 is printed for gratuitous distribution, the expense being met by about 500 pages of newspaper advertisements. Some of these are very curious and interesting. We notice papers in German, Welsh, Bohemian, French, Spanish, Scandinavian, etc., and papers devoted exclusively to such specialties as the laundry, carriage-making, phonography, masonry, druidism, bicycling, and the like. The publishers keep on file, at New York, all these papers, and make contracts for inserting advertisements therein. One publisher honestly announces his circulation as exactly 540, and others run up to the 100,000. Some of the titles are most extraordinary, as the Quid Nunc, El Espijo, the Hub, Woman's Words, Aurora Borealis, The Two Laredos, Thirty Four, Puck, Grip, The Lens, Red Cloud Chief, Der Seebote, Patrol, Clarion, Eagle, Bullion, The Voice, The Ray, The Ball, Magnet, Y Wasg, The Spy, The Breeze, Trigon. A Colorado editor announces his paper as one of "vim, vinegar, vitriol, and enterprise." The book will be useful to advertisers, but we think the publishers, from the materials in their hands, might give fuller statistics of newspaperdom as a whole than they have done—as the total number of papers on the continent, their aggregate circulation, and the like.

Baptisma: The Modes and Subjects of Christian Baptism. By J. LATHERN. pp. 255. Halifax: Rev. Dr. Pickard; and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto and Montreal.

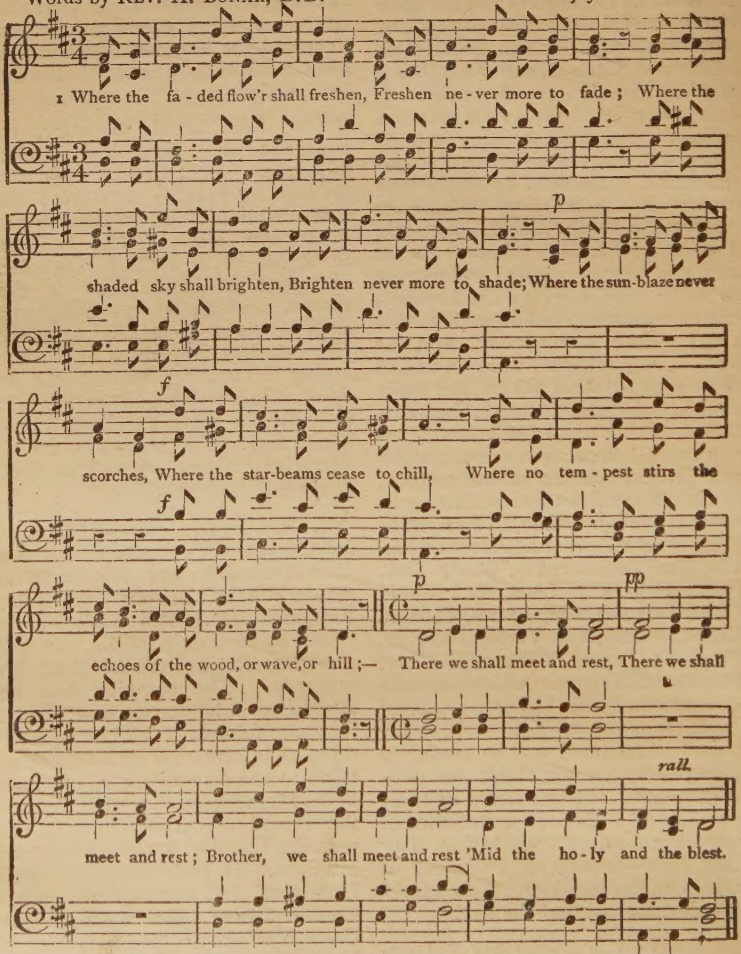
We are glad to see that this valuable work has reached a third edition—an evidence of its worth and of the need for such a book. Its re-issue has given the author the opportunity to recast in part and generally improve the arrangement and treatment. He has done us the honour to quote the early art and epigraphic testimony of the catacombs on this important subject. It is a gratification to find that that testimony has attracted much attention, and has been published in tract form both in the United States and in Canada.

The Rev. L. N. Beaudry, the energetic and successful French missionary of our Church, is passing through the press of our Book-Room a new edition of his interesting and instructive work, "The Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic." He gives an inside view of that system in which he was brought up, such as is not readily obtained. Nevertheless, he brings no word of railing accusation against the religion of his fathers, but rather tries to show the more excellent way of the Gospel. The book has a vivid narrative interest, as well as much direct religious teaching.

We are glad to learn that the copy for Cornish's Cyclopedia of Canadian Methodism has been put in the printer's hand in our Publishing Establishment. The book will be issued as soon as possible. It will, doubtless, be a work of great importance. The compiler has bestowed great labour to secure accuracy and fulness. It will be a perfect mine of information on all that pertains to the statistics, etc., of Canadian Methodism. It will contain the record of 2,170 ministers and preachers, and of 1,160 circuits and missions. It embraces the whole Dominion, and comes down to the Conferences of 1880. We have used Cornish's small Hand-Book of Methodism with great advantage, and anticipate much greater benefit from the use of this much larger and more comprehensive volume. As the size of the edition will be limited by the prospective demand, ministers and others wishing to obtain a copy—and we trust that the number will be many—will confer a favour by sending their orders to the author at Burlington, or to the Book-Steward, as early as possible.

(By permission.)

THERE WE SHALL MEET AND REST.

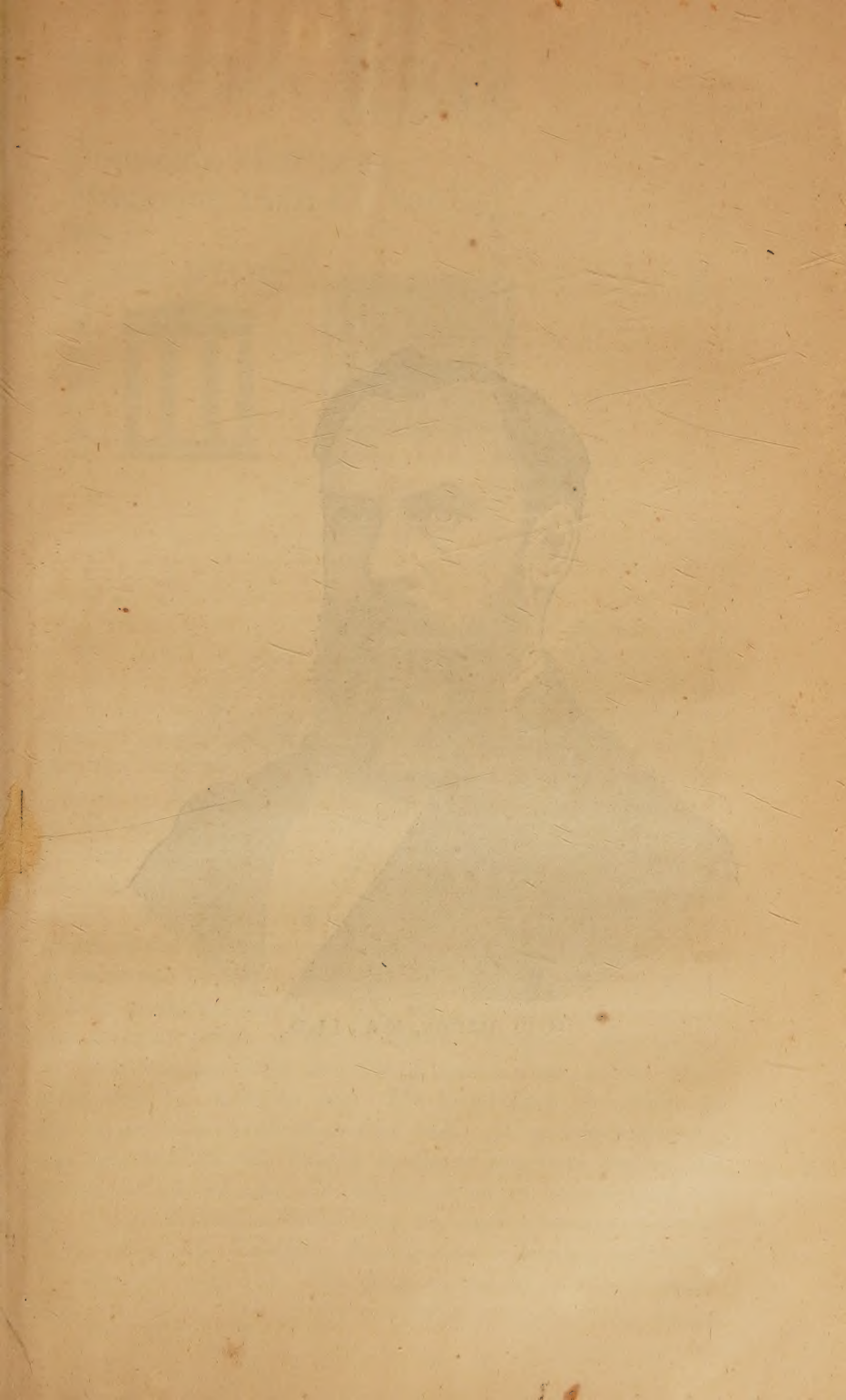
Words by REV. H. BONAR, D.D. Music by J. C. GUEST.

1 Where the fa - ded flow'r shall freshen, Freshen ne - ver more to fade; Where the
shaded sky shall brighten, Brighten never more to shade; Where the sun-blaze never
scorches, Where the star-beams cease to chill, Where no tem - pest stirs the
echoes of the wood, or wave, or hill;— There we shall meet and rest, There we shall
meet and rest; Brother, we shall meet and rest 'Mid the ho - ly and the blest.
rall.

2 Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never sever'd,
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done;—
There we shall meet, &c.

3 Where a blighted world shall brighten,
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendour here;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robes of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden,
Be where only wastes have been;—
There we shall meet, &c.

4 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong,
When the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song;
When the child has found its mother,
When the mother finds her child,
When the families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild;—
There we shall meet, &c.

From SONGS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE, published by Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book Room, Toronto



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